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T.R.B. *from Washington*

Unfair to LBJ?

★ Temperamental, difficult, crude . . . thin-skinned, quick-tempered, arrogant . . . I wake up some nights asking myself if I have been fair to him. So I write this.

It was the "Cornpone Special." The time fall; the year 1960. Thirty reporters started off from Culpeper, Va., slashing down through Dixie. Every meeting began and ended with cracked loudspeakers blaring "The Yellow Rose of Texas." And as they left Culpeper, the vice presidential candidate with an expansive evangelical gesture shouted out to the largely nonexistent crowd the phrase that became the slogan: "What has Nixon ever done for Culpeper?" The trip split the South and won the election for Kennedy. (Everything won the election for JFK.)

It was April, two years ago. Most families in the Eastern US were having supper. Those who had TV sets on heard sudden off-stage voices, studio confusion, and then the appearance of the President's Great Seal. "The President of the United States," intoned a voice. And there he was, proud as a new father, his big ears fairly shaking with gratification, announcing settlement of the four-year rail dispute that would have shut down the carriers in 48 hours. He spoke with the same elemental naturalness that he had used on the disputants, one standing on either side – they praising him, he praising them. He made it seem that this was normal inside a happy America.

He had got to the TV station, sirens screaming: The five-mile ride normally takes 30 to 60 minutes. He had done it in nine minutes. His warmth exuded right out into the living room. He introduced the rival spokesmen like a Head Scout producing two troop members who had just won the rope-tying contest. They seemed to be moving in a mild daze, evidently pleased to be hailed as national benefactors. . . .

This time it is the annual, 1964, meeting of the US Chamber of Commerce. He is brought out onto the big stage of Constitution Hall and left there to sink or swim, like a pop bottle tossed into the ocean. The inimical crowd looks up at this stranger. He surveys them warily out of his small, hooded eyes. He begins gravely, long pauses between sentences, then quickens the pace, departing from text and, in effect, making a new speech – an hour long instead of half-hour. There is a murmur of laughter, a little applause. I have just reread the speech. There isn't a touch of word-luster or eloquence in it. But in five minutes he had them in his hand. It was man to man. They were eating it up, slapping their sides at corny jokes, identifying themselves with the man trying to save money by light-bulb switching, ultimately agreeing against their wills that "ignorance, illiteracy, poverty" at "Inez, Ky.," is bad for profits; being told everything in specific, concrete terms. . . . The 85-year-old penniless man in the hospital who "hadn't been permitted to put a dollar per month to match a dollar of his employer's in a fund which would take care of him, after he had worked 40 years, to pay his hospital bill" [Medicare]. . . .

Hammer On Anvil

★ Then I have my notes, jotted in the press gallery, in March a year ago. He presented his revolutionary civil rights program in person. Window was "winder"; narrow was "narrer"; continue was "continyah." And he addressed, of course, "Fellow Amuricans." And I have marked applause 40 times. It was solemn and dignified; simple and tremendous as a hammer hitting an anvil. "We shall overcome!" he quoted. I wrote three pages of notes. Halfway down through page two I find this comment, evidently addressed to myself for after-years: "I shall always like Lyndon Johnson better for his speech on civil rights." I must have been stirred.

Well, then, there is April 8, 1966. Here is the speech he gave at San Antonio: (You have to see Texas, particularly Johnson City, to understand LBJ.) He told about following his father barefooted, "squeezing the dirt up between my toes." The latter had once told him that to lead the people, "you must love them."

More than any speech that I know, this represents the Populist side of the strange, protean, towering man: "Poor women, working all day for 60 cents picking pecans, eight cents an hour. . . . Seeing little Mexican children (1935) go up to the garbage can outside that cafeteria and take the grapefruit hulls out of that garbage can and try to get enough food in their body to sustain them by hulling the hulls. I saw that with my own eyes and I have not forgotten it."

That was the speech in which he promised to help finance dental services for children, in 1967.

And so now this crude Texan, who followed the urbanely proper Bostonian, has finally got the government's foot in the door with the rent subsidy program. And has followed this up with a tremendous new four-part civil rights bill of which the latter section would strike at racial discrimination in the sale or rental of housing all over the US. Rent subsidy came through more dangers than the Perils of Pauline and is but a shadow of itself. The germ of it, however, seems reasonably safe now.

The President didn't take his civil rights bill to Congress in person this time. His literary message to Congress has all the measured stateliness which the best ghost writers can put into it. It can't pass without Republican support, which gives Everett Dirksen exactly the classical power-broker veto authority which we have analyzed here for you before. We assume some sort of a compromise will be struck; the housing feature killed, likely, to get the first three parts passed.

Ignoble, no doubt; purists will lament, perhaps, that Lyndon has again "betrayed" them. Personally I don't believe any President in history could have done as much: not Adlai, not Hubert, not that splendid young prince, JFK. I wake up some nights with a gnawing sense that I have been unfair to him.

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Undercover Slander

Does legal precedent or common decency give any government official the right to set out deliberately to destroy a man's reputation, and to do so with absolute impunity and absolute immunity? Joseph McCarthy thought there was such a right, and he exercised it. But at least he, as a senator, was not immune to political retaliation. His allegations could be challenged and were. He could be put on the defensive and was. What, however, if the slanderer is hidden and insists he is privileged not to disclose the evidence for his slanderous attack? That, at bottom, is the question that is being tried in Baltimore's Federal District Court.

The case involves a paid secret agent, working in Washington, D.C., who had been ordered to spread certain stories about an Estonian émigré whom the Central Intelligence Agency wished to discredit. In November, 1964, Eerik Heine, a resident of Rexdale, Ontario, and a naturalized Canadian citizen, filed a $110,000 slander suit against Juri Raus, a fellow Estonian émigré employed by the US Bureau of Public Roads. Heine asserted that on three occasions Raus had accused him publicly of being a Communist and an agent of the Soviet Secret Police. Raus answered on January 3, 1965 that he had had "responsible information" from "an official agency of the United States government" that Heine was "a Soviet agent or collaborator." Last January, Raus' lawyer filed an affidavit signed by Richard Helms, Deputy Director of CIA, stating that the information had come from the CIA and claiming for him the absolute privilege of remaining silent, since he was an official of the US government.

Three months later, the CIA entered the suit directly. "For a number of reasons," read the CIA statement, "including his past history and his position as National Commander of the Legion of Estonian Liberation, [Raus] has been a source to this Agency of foreign intelligence information pertaining *inter alia* to Soviet Estonian and to Estonian émigré activities in foreign countries *as well as in the United States* [italics added]. The Central Intelligence Agency has employed the defendant from time to time – concurrently with his duties on behalf of the Bureau of Public Roads – to carry out specific assignments on behalf of the Agency. . . . On these occasions . . . the defendant was furnished information concerning the plaintiff by the Central Intelligence Agency and was instructed to disseminate such information to members of the Legion so as to protect the integrity of the Agency's foreign intelligence sources. . . . It would be contrary to the security

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interests of the United States for any further information pertaining to the use and employment of Juri Raus by the Agency in connection with Eerik Heine to be disclosed." That, so CIA presumably hoped, would close the case. The judge, however, has been described as not wholly persuaded.

Perhaps the CIA does have confidential information highly damaging to a Canadian citizen. If so, by what authority does it disclose this to an American citizen and instruct him to circulate it in the United States? The CIA is not empowered to propagandize in this country or to play politics inside American organizations – whether of émigrés or not. The National Security Act of 1947, which created the CIA, states specifically that the Agency "shall have no police, subpoena, law enforcement powers, or internal security functions." Moreover, if the CIA was convinced that a Canadian citizen was a "Soviet agent or collaborator," was that not a matter to be handled by Canadian officials, who surely would not be indifferent to such information supplied them by the CIA.

The history of this country has shown the wisdom of allowing responsible government officials a wide berth in what they may say openly without fear of prosecution for slander. Nevertheless, does an individual who believes he has been maliciously and falsely accused by another individual have no redress, simply because it is belatedly disclosed that his accuser is employed part-time by the CIA, which has supplied him with the slanderous information and told him to peddle it? If this is so, the government has almost unlimited power to hound at will, and in secret, and with no possibility of its being required to disclose its motives or its evidence of wrong-doing. This may be the Soviet way; it was certainly the Nazi way. But it has not been customary in the United States to allow a character assassin to do his work and to get away with it unchallenged and unanswered on the grounds that he was merely "following orders."

Certainly the security of the United States ought not to be compromised. But it does not follow that a formidable agency of the federal government should be permitted to wage an underground vendetta against a man and then remain silent when the victim protests in court. In the Raus case, the plaintiff faces a dumb accuser, who cannot inspect the evidence against him. He has no opportunity to vindicate himself. He cannot go "free," for his "innocence" is forever in doubt.

The Central Intelligence Agency Act of 1949 exempts the Agency from disclosing anything about its functions, organization and personnel. Moreover, Agent Raus was required to sign a secret agreement at the time of his hire in which he promised never to divulge information obtained in his work without CIA permission. The Agency says that its position in the Raus case is supported by two 1959 Supreme Court decisions which extended immunity to government officials. The conclusion we are thus asked to reach is that behind an impenetrable screen of official silence, any man's reputation, indeed perhaps his life, may be wrecked, and the only answer to which he is entitled is, possibly, "Sorry about that."

This is a monstrous interpretation of justice and a monstrous abuse of a federal power that is neither openly accountable to public opinion nor effectively supervised by the Congress.

Safety Standards

The President's original auto safety bill was a next to useless document which now is being rewritten to make some sense. Mr. Pat Moynihan, the former Assistant Secretary of Labor who has been after the automobile problem since the 1950's, was right when he told the House Commerce Committee last week that the point of this exercise should not be to establish another bureau whose function will be to cover up the mess.

It seems all but certain that an amended bill will direct the Secretary of Commerce to set mandatory safety standards for cars. He can only hope to do this if the government creates a research facility where traffic accidents and automobiles can be studied. This is not a job to be contracted out to the industry, or to universities under industry's thumb. In the past, the results of such research have been kept secret. A federal laboratory ought to be set up and its research should be conducted openly. One of its first projects could be building a prototype car. Only thus can the Secretary obtain full and reliable information to guide him in drawing up standards. But to accomplish this, Congress will need to provide much more than the $3 million requested in the President's original bill. In addition, the bill that is finally written should make it a criminal act for any manufacturer to fail to report to a car owner defects that make his car unsafe to operate.

COMING: *a new look at the American position in Vietnam – by Hans J. Morgenthau*

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Wallace-ism Is What Alabama (White) Wants

Birmingham

A lot of high hopes built on the new Negro vote in the South came crashing down with the Wallace victory in Alabama's Democratic primary. The incredible hold of racism has again been shown. The trend to moderation in the rest of the South, brought about by the impact of the 1965 Voting Rights Act, is bound to be adversely affected. How much, we don't yet know.

By the new math of Southern politics, with Negroes in such a state as Alabama showing impressive voting strength for the first time, there had been reason to expect that Mrs. George (Lurleen) Wallace would have had to face a run-off election. To gain a majority she had to get her 51 percent from 84.5 percent of the electorate, based on the likely assumption that none of the 16.5 percent of the total vote that is Negro was hers. And that is the lowest estimate of the Negro vote, based on inflated figures which give many counties more than 100 percent of eligible whites registered. Actual voting strength of Negroes was nearer 25 percent.

That Mrs. Wallace carried far more than half of the white vote shows the appeal of her husband's brand of conservative politics. The Wallace campaign was not as overtly racist as his past pronouncements and record, a mark of the influence of the new Negro vote. But Alabamans, as they say, knew where the Wallaces stood. She (he) appealed to all whites, not merely the worst.

The Negro vote went, as expected, to Richmond Flowers. He got it mainly by asking for it, something none of the other nine candidates would do openly. It gave him second place. That victory-in-defeat helps offset somewhat the election's general encouragement of racism-as-usual in Southern politics. For in the high expectations of the campaign, Negro leaders and voters were faced with a dilemma that will be common throughout the South – whether to support a man who openly identifies with them and thereby hurt his chances with white voters, or to support a covertly friendly candidate (Carl Elliott, in this case) whose chances with the whites and of winning are better. In choosing the former course, Alabama Negroes set a precedent which will be noted by politicians and perhaps followed by Negroes of other states. The decision doomed efforts for a coalition between moderate and liberal white elements and Negroes. Labor supported Elliott, and the Johnson Administration was said to favor him – to no avail.

The Negro vote was also felt in local-level politics, including races for sheriff, county commissioner, tax assessor and the state legislature. With the full count not yet in, it appeared that a dozen or so Negro candidates had survived and will face run-off contests. Negro victories in the run-off election will perhaps be of more significance than their statewide defeat.

There were some who said the heavy vote for Wallace in the primary was meant merely to show Negroes how things stand, and that much of the segregationist vote will now go to the Republican candidate in the general election in the fall, Rep. James Martin. That seems problematic at this moment.

They voted long and hard. In Birmingham, where more Negroes (61,637) are registered than in all of the black belt, blocks-long lines lasted until nearly midnight. In white and Negro precincts very heavy turnouts were recorded across the state. In the smaller towns, where there is only one polling place, whites and Negroes stood one behind the other, well integrated, to vote against or for that integration.

There was no violence of note. Not that things were friendly: At Bessemer, a steelworking town, a Negro approached a white outside the polling place and asked him politely which line he should get in. "I wouldn't tell you," the white answered.

But in a state where racial violence and killings by whites have been frequent, on this day, at least, there appeared to be a new way of settling disputes – democracy. The segregationists won the count, but they won it in a free and open election. (The Justice Department, with its 350 federal poll-watchers in the state, seemed satisfied at the end of election day that no flagrant irregularities had occurred. However, they were studying reports of the poll-watchers for indications of scattered irregularities.)

The highest hope had been that, democracy having come for the first time in any real sense to a state like Alabama, the South would be done with its Wallaces. The results fall short of that: democracy had not fully come – something less than half the eligible Negroes are registered; the 100-percent increase in Negro registration in less than a year had a low starting point. But as elsewhere in the South, the political calculations of men like Flowers are based as much on potential as on the new math of actual Negro voting strength.

There is no gainsaying the meaning of a victory like that of Wallace. It is that the Negro vote alone cannot save the South. Perhaps Alabama is the only state where whites are so overwhelmingly wed to the old ruinous politics. But perhaps too, there will now be many more candidates willing to "do a Flowers." And they won't have to run their wives. PAT WATTERS

MR. WATTERS *is a former journalist who now works with the Southern Regional Council.*

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Wanted: Housing for NATO Headquarters

Brussels

Last week, the French drove another nail through NATO's heart by announcing that permission to fly military aircraft over France will shortly be subject to monthly review. Earlier, de Gaulle had decided that NATO headquarters cannot remain on French soil. Who then will give it hospitality? London, perhaps, for though Belgium might be a better site, the Belgians don't seem to want to play host. "Transfer SHAPE [Supreme Headquarters of Allied Powers in Europe] from Versailles to Brussels?" they cry. "It doesn't sound like a good idea. This might get us the first atomic bomb of World War III. And anyway, can you imagine what our town will be like if 25,000 NATO families start looking for apartments here? Rents are high enough even now. . . . No, it isn't a good idea. We are the capital of the Common Market. And the Common Market and NATO do not fit together."

Washington counts Belgium among the most reliable of NATO allies, but the Belgians like the other Europeans appear much more concerned with headaches at home: In Belgium's case, a deficit of 12 billion francs in a total budget of 200 billion ($4 billion). One economy measure foreseen is reduction of Belgian troops stationed in West Germany and integrated in NATO forces, from two army divisions to one division. Further, though for several years it has been planned to replace the completely obsolete 300 Patton tanks which are the standard weapon of the Belgian armored unit in Germany, it now seems the old Pattons will carry on.

Belgians are less bothered by this than by the probability that many social and health services to which they have grown accustomed will fall victim to the economy program. The economic situation is not good. Immediately after the war Belgium was the only prosperous country of Europe. But what was a blessing 20 years ago became a calamity. Because factories were not destroyed there seemed no great incentive to modernize industry. Now that industry is obsolescent, to a large extent producing dearer goods than the industries of fellow-members of the Common Market – Germany, Holland, Italy and France – who had to rebuild from war ruins.

There is a shortage of skilled labor in Belgium, as everywhere in Europe, and many less skilled jobs are filled by foreigners – Italians, Spaniards, Turks, Greeks. But two out of three Belgian mines were closed in recent years as uneconomic, most of them in the French-speaking part of Belgium called Wallonia. The 90,000 ex-miners, who were well paid, don't like to look for other jobs. This decline of the French-speaking part of Belgium, the cradle of Belgian industrialization and one of the richest and most densely populated areas of Western Europe, has exacerbated the latent conflict between the French-speaking south and east, and the Flemish-speaking (Dutch) north and west. Historically, the French-speaking group has dominated Belgium. But at present three million Walloons have to face five million Flemings, proud of their language and their culture and often refusing to reply to a query in French, though most of them understand it. The Flemings have one of the highest birth rates in Western Europe, and the Walloons have one of the lowest. Finally there are one million *Bruxellois*, supposed to be bilingual and whom both national groups claim as "theirs."

The Walloons, seeing their once-dominating influence in the state steadily decreasing, and facing the prospect that it will decrease still further in the near future, are increasingly critical of the unified state which Belgium has been since her creation 136 years ago. They demand, unrealistically, a kind of federalism, in which Wallonia would gain a large measure of independence. Belgium is a tiny country which could hardly stand division, and the Walloons and the Flemings would disagree where the frontier between the French-speaking and Flemish-speaking states would be. The linguistic problem is the main issue of this country, which only a few years ago was considered by foreigners as one of the happiest in the world.

The big story in Belgium recently was not the NATO crisis, but the appointment, by a French-speaking government official in charge of small business, of a Flemish-speaking administrator of his ministry. The French-language press in Wallonia attacked the appointment as a "betrayal" and claimed a Wallonian minister should appoint another Wallonian, or at least a French-speaking person, and never give the post to a Fleming. Belgium has become notorious for the instability of its governments. The country has three main political parties, the Socialists, the Christian Democrats and the Liberals (now a party of the right). Not only does each party have a left wing, a right wing and a center, but in each party, and in each faction inside each party, there is a French-speaking and a Flemish-speaking group. Two parties must participate in every government coalition, otherwise no majority is possible. But the formation of every government is difficult because it not only has to give a share of power to every party of the coalition, but also to every faction, and has to balance the number of French and Flemish ministers and secretaries of state.

No. NATO will have to look elsewhere. It would not enjoy peace and comfort here. PHILIP BEN

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MR. SMITH HAS ALLIES, BUT TIME IS NOT ONE OF THEM

Rhodesia – A Taste of Clover

Salisbury

"Rhodesia will have a black government in one year or 10, and South Africa must have good relations with it." This is not an excerpt from a *Rand Daily Mail* editorial, but a private comment by Premier Hendryk Verwoerd to one of his pro-government editors. South Africa will back the Ian Smith rebellion in Salisbury for as long as Smith has an outside chance, and as long as too much international brinkmanship is not required. Anticipating an International Court decision this summer saying South Africa has not fulfilled its League of Nations mandate in Southwest Africa, Verwoerd does not want to be seen challenging both the Security Council (over sanctions) and The Hague Court as well.

The Rhodesian rebellion, in South Africa's official view, is not only doomed but regrettable: it internationalized and jeopardized a safe white-supremacy situation on South Africa's borders. South Africa would have preferred Britain to isolate the Rhodesian affair by putting Smith down by force. But Verwoerd remains reluctant to mediate between London and Salisbury for fear of being blamed by his electorate for the inevitable result – Smith's political demise.

Sanctions against Rhodesia are having an increasing effect, especially outside Salisbury. Now strongly reelected, Harold Wilson is expected to escalate his blockade to include the port of Lourenco Marques and to cover not just incoming oil, but outgoing Rhodesian exports; then, having tried "everything else," the canny British leader is expected to plump "reluctantly" for military intervention.

British ambassadors in Africa are telling their African colleagues that Britain desires escalation, in the hope of getting the maximum reform in Southern Africa while keeping a "reasonable" image. The current "unofficial" talks between London and Salisbury are seen as part of this ritual dance, intended to silence Tory and other critics in London by demonstrating the obduracy of the rebellion. Smith is similarly using the apparently forlorn talks to show the "doves" among his supporters that conciliation gets you nowhere. Hawks slightly predominate within his quarreling cabinet, but 50 of his 600 army and air force officers have written Wilson pledging loyalty to the Queen – and saying other officers, afraid to write, feel the same.

Britain is expected to give the normally autonomous colony its first period of direct rule under a strong governor, probably Mr. Malcolm MacDonald, who will impose multiracial government and gradually abolish discrimination. Smith told me he would leave the country if this happened. The new governor will require some civil and military British presence to support him. In anticipation of the military arrival, the rebel regime has dispersed its air force around the country and put some flights (in contravention of the League of Nations, demilitarization convention for the former German territory) in the Caprivi Strip of Southwest Africa.

Rhodesian men and money are moving into black-governed Malawi and Zambia – which has cut trade with Rhodesia by 39 percent and hopes to cut it much more. Freight agencies in Salisbury indicate that nearly 4,000 Rhodesians emigrate to South Africa monthly. A pro-Smith foreign consulate estimates the Rhodesian white population (60,000 in 1945, 252,000 in 1956) at 170,000 "or possibly less." The regime claims its white numbers are rising, but the patient line of settlers waiting daily at the residual British commission gives the lie to this: Rhodesian citizenship is exchanged for United Kingdom passports at a rate of 10 to 20 an hour.

Leading Nationalist Party circles in South Africa accept with surprising equanimity a potential escalation of the oil blockade to South Africa's ports, limiting fuel entries to South Africa's requirements. Despite the gold-plated stick with which Verwoerd occasionally threatens both Britain ($3 billion of investments) and the US ($750 million), the Afrikaner leader does not wish to sacrifice the 30-percent share which Britain has in South Africa's export-import trade or the sizable economic link with America. Moreover, he needs US and British protection if South Africa is not to become a direct target for sanctions.

Regarding escalation of the Rhodesian crisis into South Africa as inevitable, both the fairly liberal *Rand Daily Mail* and the pro-government *Die Burger* have urged the South African government to prevent a showdown by initiating partition of South Africa (into sovereign, racial states) now.

Back in Salisbury, the Smith regime bases its remaining hopes on the willingness of the country's officers to order their men to fire on the British army. Smith, one side of his face charred into immobility – the unpensioned wartime disfigurement which took him into politics, with a grudge against London, in 1947 – grimaced with the active side of his mouth when I asked him if Rhodesians would fire first. "If the Nazis had invaded

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Britain, would British officers have hesitated to fire?" Smith rasped.

Beyond government circles, most Rhodesians feel there would have been no resistance to Britain immediately after the rebellion started, but that there might be some resistance now, probably from civilians. Certainly white hatred for Britain is real. Intimidation ensured that not a flag was flown on the Queen's birthday (April 21); there are jokes about the Queen and Wilson, and an incredible campaign of vilification against both of them. To be pro-British is to be black, usually, in Salisbury; to be white is to be anti-British.

There are ample signs of fear of defeat in the Smith regime; evidence rules are being revised to permit hearsay and anonymous testimony. In "security" cases, the defendant will be "presumed guilty until proved innocent," an approach which would presumably permit his indefinite incarceration. Press censorship continues, although eased to avoid yet another showdown in the courts. The university may be closed by a walkout of lecturers, half of whom (headed by the principal) have offered their resignations. Britain, the lecturers feel, might "not stand idly by" (Wilson's phrase) if this British-subsidized subsidiary of London University was flooded with South African staff opposed to academic freedom and teaching Nazi racial doctrine.

Power in the rebel caucus is becoming more frantically fractionalized. The Information Director, David Williams, walked up to Smith after my talk with him and countermanded Smith's public permission for me to interview Nationalist leader Joshua Nkomo in prison.

"But I have no objection," Smith said petulantly. Williams repeated his veto.

"Don't you have any authority in these matters, sir?" I asked Smith.

"Well, I suppose, if 'Security' says . . ." Smith answered, looking about four-feet tall.

British sources expect a gradual constitutional revision taking the country by stages to representative government and ensuring an African majority in about five years. There will be noisy white opposition.

Half the whites are still unskilled or semi-skilled and depend on segregation and discrimination for survival. According to university statistics, a stunning 85 percent do jobs that are done in independent Africa almost exclusively by Africans. A Briton describes these whites in Rhodesia as "yobs in clover." The taste of clover is clearly sweet. RUSSELL WARREN HOWE

Spying for Industry

In the next few weeks the public will be offered an unusual opportunity to buy common stock in a well-heeled private police force. This is the Wackenhut Corporation based in Coral Gables, Florida, which was begun 12 years ago by George R. Wackenhut and three associates, all of them former FBI men. The company now has offices in 22 states and Latin America and claims to be the third largest industrial security firm in the nation. ("Industrial Security" is the euphemism for private police and detective firms.) Wackenhut's revenues trebled in the past five years and now total $17.7 million annually. This remarkable company stands prepared to rent its 3,000 customers an entire police or fire department, various kinds of rescue squads; it can provide an international intelligence service with experts in business counterespionage.

Ninety-five percent of the firm's business is in providing physical security: Guards and alarm systems to protect against fire and theft in government installations and private business. The company pre-packages systems of various kinds to meet special situations. Thus, it provides a specially trained fire department for the Kennedy Space Center and has supplied whole police forces to municipalities. The company sells and leases electric alarm systems. It helps government contractors check out job applicants and has a lie detector division. To speed up work, the company keeps a central file of 2.5 million names of individuals and companies on which it has information. Names are added at the rate of 10,000 a week.

In addition to guarding individual clients, Wackenhut takes an active interest in the security of the nation. It publishes the monthly *Wackenhut Security Review*, which contains up-to-date information about Communists. Recent issues discuss various Communist schemes to subvert young people. The March review said, "It had been no secret in cloistered college halls for more than 30 years that there were thousands of educators working quietly and ceaselessly to indoctrinate their classes of students in Socialistic and Communistic thinking, but their academic gobbledygook, like the Communist use of Aesopian language, had successfully disguised their brainwashing ambitions and objectives from the outside world. The impressive-sounding American Association of University Professors, which attempts to speak authoritatively in the public press, had censured numerous universities because they dared to dismiss professors who were Communist Party members." The *Security Review* goes on to point out that the professors no longer bother to hide behind closed

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classroom doors but lead teach-ins, carry placards, defy college administrations and challenge government authority by going to North Vietnam and Cuba. The *Security Review* has a circulation of 60,000 and was awarded the George Washington Honor Medal by the Freedoms Foundation at Valley Forge in 1962, and the Vigilant Patriots Award by the All-American Conference To Combat Communism in 1963 and 1965.

Wackenhut's board of directors includes Ralph E. Davis, who is on the national council of the John Birch Society and was president of the General Plant Protection Company in Los Angeles until Wackenhut bought it in 1962. He now heads Wackenhut's Western regional office.

The Atomic Energy Commission and National Aeronautics and Space Administration are two of Wackenhut's biggest customers and together accounted for more than 20 percent of sales last year.

The American Security Council is another organization that shares Wackenhut's concern for the greater national safety; it maintains a catalog of the activities of one million or more "subversives." Thirty-five-hundred companies belong to the council, which helps them check out job applicants.

The large industrial security firms make most of their money supplying uniformed guards and alarm systems to business. Here, Burns and Pinkerton are the oldest and still the acknowledged leaders; they are followed by Wackenhut, Globe and Interstate. These five companies perhaps account for $150 million in total annual sales. There are several hundred smaller firms that do the same sort of business, and further on down the ladder are thousands of private detectives. The big industrial security firms are doing an increasing amount of undercover work. The operatives they use often are highly skilled: engineers, chemists and so forth. They are put into a company at its request, in part to stop employees from stealing and cheating (unpublicized business losses due to white-collar thievery are estimated at more than $1 billion a year), and to act as high-powered efficiency experts who can tell management how best to improve internal operations. Thus, when a New Jersey manufacturer of women's coats wanted to find out why he was missing $1,000 in merchandise, he asked an industrial security firm for help. A detective was placed in the shipping department. In no time, the agent spotted two men stealing coats and stashing them in the trunk of a car; they were fired. Even more important than this discovery from the company's point of view, the agent discovered the shipping department could function more efficiently with five men, not seven – the number employed when he arrived. He also observed the company was wasting money by leaving the lights on. Where this manufacturer had started out in search of $1,000 in missing goods, the detective actually helped him save $14,000.

White-collar thieves can be a crafty lot, and they keep an undercover man on his toes. One employee was discovered in the lavatory using a miniature camera to take pictures of secret plans, which he then hoped to sell to a competing company. Once a detective came on a fellow in the bathroom pouring gold dust into pill capsules. He was flushing them one-by-one down the toilet. The detective discovered that the pills were recaptured in a fine mesh net strung across the sewage pipes several hundred yards beyond the plant entrance. Another agent, working undercover in a hospital pharmacy, found a man stealing narcotics and taking used hypodermic needles from the waste basket. He sold the goods to addicts on the outside. While he was on this job, the agent was passing through the hospital morgue when he saw two men committing the sex act on two female corpses. (They were discharged.) But the work can also be drab. I met one detective, a former member of the metropolitan police in London, who now poses as a switchboard operator at a seminary in New York. In this position, he hopes to find out which one of the maintenance men is goofing off on the job.

The major industrial security firms do not engage in divorce work, which they consider beneath them. Nor are they very anxious to perform background investigations on people. And, while they will work in business counterespionage, they take pains to steer clear of anything that might link them with outright industrial espionage itself. The trouble is that espionage means different things to different people. General Motors said it only wanted to gather pertinent public business information about Ralph Nader's possible ties to the Corvair suits. Yet the investigation became a concerted effort by a number of detectives to dredge up mud about Nader's personal life. They didn't find any, but if they had, it might have been used to shut him up. Vincent Gillen did that job. Recently Gillen was considered for another bit of work. The mayor of Rockville Center, New York, said he wanted to hire Gillen to investigate critics of his urban renewal program. The county human relations commission had said the proposed urban renewal project discriminated against Negroes. As it happened, Gillen didn't take the job. As for the mayor, he said he was just trying to protect himself. To protect their own interests, residents of a cooperative apartment building in New York hired an undercover agent from an industrial security firm to find out what was going on in a rooming-house down the block. Apparently, they feared the sort of low-class people living there would ruin the block to live on and as a real-estate investment. A private detective went to live in the rooming house, soon discovered people selling narcotics, and turned them in to the police.

JAMES RIDGEWAY

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Vietnam's Twelve Elections

by Bernard B. Fall

[The Vietnamese] "never had elections on a national basis and a national question. It's never happened in their whole history." – AMBASSADOR HENRY CABOT LODGE, *Saigon, April 22, 1966*

Something like a magic curse attaches to the use of elections in settling Vietnamese problems. All along, both sides have paid homage to the sacred principle of the free exercise of popular will, only to corrupt it. And contrary to Ambassador Lodge, the Vietnamese do *not* lack experience in elections. Quite to the contrary: A good case could be made for the assertion that the Vietnamese have been *overexposed* to phony elections to such a degree that they are terribly sensitive to the stage-managing which is again likely to be going on in the name of insuring that only the "good guys" get elected.

Under the French colonial administration, the Mekong lowland areas of South Vietnam to the edge of the southern mountain plateau formed the colony of Cochin-China, which voted for representatives in the French parliament. The colonial electoral process was then about as badly twisted as in the American Deep South before the 1965 Civil Rights Act, with the result that only about 5,000 native Vietnamese participated in the election of a senator and a deputy. At the local level, however, the Vietnamese soon found out that a strong voice in the Saigon city council was an extremely effective way of getting a public hearing for the disfranchised colonials.

Officials in Saigon would do well to read again the best American account of that stormy period, written by Milton I. Sacks in Frank Trager's *Communism in Southeast Asia*. To the amazement of the colonial administration, Saigon left-wing elements as well as bourgeois nationalists coalesced in 1933 to put up an eight-man slate running as *Liste Ouvrière* (Workers Slate). For the first time, the Vietnamese "Uncle Toms" on the city council were faced with concrete democratic demands, from the right to vote and to strike, to lighter taxes and better housing. Two of the slate's members were elected by the lower middle-class voters who came out *en masse* for the first time. One of them, 30 years later, would be North Vietnam's minister of labor. By the time the next municipal elections came around in 1935, the left coalition (one of the few in the world at the time where Trotskyists and Stalinists would still cooperate with each other and with the Nationalists), gained a little further ground. Four of its members were seated.

Cochin-China's last pre-World War II elections for the colonial council – the assembly which voted the budget for the whole colony and which, in the guise of discussing budgetary matters, could handily embarrass many a colonial governor – were held on April 30, 1939. Three Trotskyists were elected to it with 80-percent majorities over French-supported candidates or competing Stalinists. Never again would Saigon hear such widely conflicting opinions confront each other in public debate, but many South Vietnamese are old enough to remember.

The destruction of the French colonial regime by the Japanese brought with it the creation of Ho Chi Minh's "Democratic Republic of Vietnam" in September, 1945. Within a year, Ho's regime organized elections for a legislative assembly whose first job would be to write a constitution. The elections, which took place in January, 1946 throughout the whole country, from North to South and clandestinely even in those areas where returned French garrisons forbade them, were greeted with genuine enthusiasm. Of course, they were slanted in favor of the ruling Viet Minh alliance, but two hard facts must be remembered: in the North they took place in the presence of Chinese Nationalist occupation troops, and in the South in the presence of British and French garrisons. An American writer who observed Vietnamese affairs very closely at the time, Dr. Ellen J. Hammer, correctly observed that even by "the strictest of Western standards, a few more conservatives might have been chosen," but that the overall results would still have heavily favored Ho. And a highly-respected French observer who then was a young officer right on the spot, Philippe Devillers, noted later that, considering the times, the 1946 elections clearly reflected the realities of Vietnam. The 1946 Vietnamese elections were "on a national basis and a national question."

But it was again the turn of the French to default on their promises. A preliminary accord, signed between France and Vietnam on March 6, 1946, provided for an

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eventual settlement of the reattachment of Cochin-China to Vietnam by mutual negotiations; and an attempt by the runaway colonials to set up an "Autonomous Cochin-China Republic" contributed much to the outbreak of the Indochina War. When the French finally recognized the inevitable and decided to grant Cochin-China the right of free choice – they made the decision three years later, and in favor of the unpopular Bao-Dai regime – by the reelected Territorial Assembly of Cochin-China voted, on April 23, 1949, in the midst of the Indochina War, to join a unified Vietnam! The vote: 55 for reunification, 6 against, and 2 abstentions. On May 21, 1949, the French National Assembly in turn transferred the colony to the State of Vietnam. Again, Vietnamese (and South Vietnamese at that) had made a key political choice at the ballot box – and it again had been for reunification.

In 1953, a new attempt was made to elect, in the non-Viet Minh zones, a first tier of municipal councils and village councils, to be topped off by elected provincial councils which, in turn, would elect a representative assembly. The French knew that the elections would go against them, but finally felt that an anti-French but palpably honest election would help their cause more than yet another phony operation. However, political rivalries among the non-Communist Vietnamese finally had the same result. In the North Vietnamese Red River delta, the right-wing governor's *Dai-Viet* (Great Vietnam) Party managed to have only 687 out of 5,861 villages declared as "secure" enough for voting, which immediately raised a storm of protest and resulted in a revision of the village lists. The same problem is likely to arise in any future election in South Vietnam. The elections nonetheless took place, were predictably anti-French and in perennially radical-minded Saigon (doesn't *anybody* realize by now that Saigon is radical-minded?) the Taxi Drivers Union got a Trotskyist elected to the city council. The provincial council elections took place also and brought forth some strong regional leaders: Catholic bishops from the North, Cao-Dai Buddhist leaders from the South, etc.

And in October, 1953 Bao-Dai's regime, French-dominated though it was, had to face up to yet another crucial decision: a treaty with France which would seal Vietnam's membership in the French commonwealth structure. Bao-Dai convened a congress in Saigon of Vietnamese politicians and spiritual leaders as a substitute legislature. The congress included open neutralists who advocated an end to the fighting and United Nations supervision of national elections. The chief advocates of that line then were not the Buddhists, but the left-wing Catholic groups around Ngo Dinh Nhu. Predictably enough, the congress, on October 16, 1953, voted against Vietnamese membership in the French Union. Again, Vietnamese had made an important political choice in the midst of a war, and one that went against the desires of their own government and the expectations of its major foreign ally, France.

With the end of the fighting at Geneva in July, 1954, two separate Vietnamese states emerged with their own political institutions. In North Vietnam, Ho's republic now became a full-fledged "people's democracy." The 1946 parliament had, over the war years, shrunk from over 400 members to about 220. It had met only once during the Indochina War – in December, 1953 – to approve the new land reform program, but its "standing committee," like the Supreme Soviet, continued the appearance of legislative control. The legislative elections in the North, held in 1960 and 1965, returned predictably 99-percent Communist legislatures, but here again, total silence has not yet set in, at least in such technical fields as budgeting and the allocation of resources. And in Hanoi, a few stubborn Socialists and Democratic Party members keep on voting their own ticket and electing one or two members to the Hanoi parliament.

A Rubber-Stamp Legislature

In the South, the Ngo Dinh Diem regime also tried its hand at elections. On October 23, 1955, a plebiscite dethroned ex-emperor Bao-Dai and made South Vietnam a republic with Diem its first president. Donald Lancaster, then a British Embassy official in Saigon, stated later in his excellent *The Emancipation of French Indochina* that the elections were run with "cynical disregard for decency and democratic principles"; and *Life*, in an otherwise wholly laudatory article on Diem, remarked innocently on May 13, 1957 that Diem's American advisers had told him that a 60-percent "success" would have been quite sufficient, "but Diem insisted on 98 percent." In fact, in Saigon Diem got 605,025 votes for a total of 450,000 registered voters. The South Vietnamese legislature elected in March, 1956 was, of course, as much a rubber stamp as its North Vietnamese counterpart. By 1959, the regime shed all its pretenses: it had dissolved elected village government in 1956 (thus exposing the appointed unpopular village chiefs to immediate guerrilla reprisals) and even Catholic candidates running without the regime's approval were the object of hounding and harassment. When one lone American-trained loyal opposition candidate was finally elected in spite of the fact that 5,000 government troops were trucked into his district to vote, he was finally barred from taking his seat on charges of vote fraud.

But again the Vietnamese showed that they had understood the election mechanism better than they had been given credit for. In 1961, Diem again ran for the presidency in the face of token opposition by two

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put-up candidates, one of whom was a faith-healer and the other a business associate of Diem's brother. By his own reckoning, Diem lost *one million* votes since 1955 (although Vietnam had gained two million people in the meantime); and in Saigon, where the foreign press watched some of the polls, he got 354,000 votes out of a total of 732,000, or 48 percent of the vote.

As the whole dynastic house of cards was collapsing under the impact of the awakened Buddhist masses, the Diem regime in October, 1963 once more went to the polls to "elect" a legislature. With one-half of South Vietnam under guerrilla control, the regime simply invented election statistics: 6.8 million voters allegedly registered for voting and 92 percent allegedly voted. The 123 "elected" legislators were a perfect cross-cut of the oligarchy which has never ceased to run things in South Vietnam: 31 "civil servants on leave," 19 lawyers, 17 teachers and professors, 15 landowners, 14 "businessmen and farmers" (!), 8 doctors, etc. There was not one factory worker, rubber plantation tapper, Buddhist leader or labor union official in the lot. The Diem regime misunderstood its people to the last.

The one thus far civilian-dominated regime since the November, 1963 coup promulgated a Provisional Charter which provided for a measure of civil rights, but whose Article 5 stated that "freedom of speech may not be abused . . . to make propaganda for Communism and neutralism." And that wasn't idle talk: four respectable non-Communist Vietnamese who had spoken of a neutralist Vietnamese solution in terms which President Johnson would not have disavowed, found themselves expelled across the 17th parallel to North Vietnam, after several worse fates had been initially contemplated for them. Yet, on May 30, 1965, municipal elections again were held throughout South Vietnam. Of 9-million voters termed "eligible," 4.5 million actually were said to have registered for voting, and of those, 73 percent voted. Liberation Front interference was minimal, but the effect of the war was clearly visible by the fact that there were, for example in the IIIrd Army Corps area, which surrounds Saigon, only 144 candidates for 87 posts, *i.e.*, many posts went uncontested. Many of the local and provincial councils were never installed as the new military regime of Generals Thieu and Ky, which came to power on June 12, 1965, began a new round of administrative changes, abolished the Provisional Charter of 1964 to replace it with a brief "Convention" on June 19, which does not even mention rights of citizens; and set about ruling the country without benefit of popular advice. The illusion that this could continue *ad infinitum* without challenge (and it was an illusion which the South Vietnamese military were not alone in holding) was rudely shattered somewhere between Honolulu and Danang, a few weeks ago. And once more – for the twelfth time, by actual count – the poor, war-weary, harassed South Vietnamese people are being asked to settle their own fate via the ballot box. Providing, of course, that they vote exactly as they are expected to.

The Real Issue

But there, precisely, lies the problem. The South Vietnamese no longer even know *what* is expected of them; or, rather, *who* expects what from them. If they were to believe voices heard in Washington, nothing would please anyone more than if the good South Vietnamese would vote themselves a government which would ask for an end to the war; call for direct talks with the Viet Cong; and request a gradual departure of American troops to be replaced (optimally) with the Southeast Asian equivalent of an Inter-American Peace Force; or (minimally) would at least keep the "Yankee Go Home!" signs off the walls until the last GI has reembarked.

That program might sound terribly tempting to Americans – and not only of the "dove" variety – but it happens to be against the law in Vietnam. For there is Decree Law No. 004/65 of May 17, 1965 on the books, which makes a crime, punishable by jail from one to five years (more in some specific cases) of ". . . All moves which weaken the national anti-Communist effort and are harmful to the anti-Communist struggle of the people and the armed forces. All plots and actions under the false name of peace and neutrality. . . ."

By that definition, the State Department's 14-Point program of January, 1966 would fall within the definition of such a "plot." And what the fate of a "peace and neutrality" candidate would be under such circumstances is hardly open to question. Yet, there is no evidence thus far that it is being clearly understood that this election, like the democratic system in the American Deep South, will entirely hinge on the *electoral process*. For it is the latter which will control whether the *real* issue – the question of war and peace in Vietnam – will be something on which the South Vietnamese will at long last be able to express themselves, or not.

Let there be absolutely no mistake on this. The great definitions of who can vote; what issues can actually be discussed in the electoral campaign; which parties can or cannot run; whether the competing candidates will or will not get radio time on the entirely government-controlled broadcasting system; whether or not they will obtain travel space on government aircraft (for the woefully inadequate "Air Vietnam" is booked months ahead and in most places one can no longer engage in surface travel) – all these very simple nuts-and-bolts requirements of the basic democratic process must be present in Vietnam if the promised election of

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a constitutional convention is going to be more than yet another sham foisted on a war-weary people and an uninformed and unsuspecting foreign audience.

And those optimists who already see peace-via-the-ballot-box around the corner in South Vietnam, along with an honorable disengagement for the United States, would do well to remember that the contemplated elections would (or could) be limited to the election of a *constitution-writing* body. The regime then in existence could well deny that body legislative powers, let alone an "advise-and-consent" function in the field of foreign policy. In subsequent elections, a real legislature would have to emerge which, in turn, would form the new government. That process takes time and tranquillity under the best of circumstances. In South Vietnam, both items are excessively scarce. It would be a miracle if it took less than a year to run its course if everyone were hell-bent to make it work. Yet last week General Ky already had warned that the August 15 election deadline would have to be pushed back to October. Or later, perhaps. Preferably after victory. In a way, perhaps General Ky is logical. What is the point of going through this whole elaborate ceremonial as long as the problem of what to do with the Liberation Front – the Viet Cong – has not been solved? The Pentagon itself estimates the adversary at 80 percent *South* Vietnamese. The VC may simply ignore the whole thing, as they have done in the past, and go on fighting while we breathlessly admire the South Vietnamese as they go for the eleventh time through an election process which allegedly "never happened in their whole history."

And while we engage in yet another round of self-congratulations on how smoothly the Vietnamese learned the rudiments of Western electioneering which they allegedly had never seen before (who advised them on the 1955-1965 elections?), the grim little people in the thick jungles of "Zone C" and their mentors in Hanoi may well be in the process of preparing South Vietnam's twelfth election – one which will no longer be ours to inspire or to guide, and which will foreclose the future of all of Vietnam for a long time.

The LSD Trigger

Crystal Palaces and Absolute Horror

by Tom Buckley

While contracting his consciousness – alcohol does that – with a couple of rum and tonics not long ago, Dr. Timothy Leary was saying that his lectures always seemed to draw 700 people, no more and no less. "I sometimes think it's the same 700," he said. "If I could get more than that I'd know I was getting through."

Next night at Town Hall, 850 of New York's young people paid $2.50 each to hear him – the money went to his defense fund – and Dr. Leary proclaimed the victory of the psychedelic revolution. More than a million Americans, maybe 20 percent of the nation's youth, he said, had used the hallucinogenic drugs – marijuana, mescaline, psilocybin and LSD. It was too late now to attempt to turn back the clock.

By 1970, he said, between 10 and 30 million persons, most of them young, will have embarked on voyages of discovery through the limitless "inner space" of their own minds, and returned wiser and more loving than when they started out. Dr. Leary likes to use the word "mutation" to describe this transformation. "The next four years, I predict, will be years of mutational conflict. Unless we're very wise and very good to each other there will be many victims."

This slender, fresh-faced, grey-eyed man of 46, who wears his greying hair at actor's length, is a compelling speaker. The ideas, drawn from anthropology, biology, history, psychology, come quickly but he speaks slowly. His voice is clear, supple and very soothing. He tells of the "cellular," and therefore true, language of J. R. R.

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Tolkien's trilogy, *The Lord of the Rings*, which he thinks the greatest work ever written; of how the earth's thin film of life, two billion years in the making, is being destroyed by man; of the genetic code; of the need for love and charity.

And then he says that for one year, from that night, he is abjuring the hallucinogens, and he is asking them to stop, too. He says, "You know enough now to be able to 'turn on' without drugs. Or you can be taught. I'm willing to teach you. . . . Go to your parents, your teachers, your jailers. Try to turn them on by the message you've learned. Send [Aaron Koota, the Kings County (Brooklyn) district attorney who is the Carrie Nation of the burgeoning anti-LSD crusade] some tangible token of what we have learned – a poem, a picture, a recording tape, a flower, or that most powerful message of all – a seed."

Then he is off the stage – there is no applause – and a little later he is crossing 43rd Street in a light rain, talking to reporters. A drunken colored man who seems to know him comes up. "You take care of them mothers," he says. They shake hands. A sedan is waiting. Leary crowds into the back seat and speeds away.

"Grandiose paranoia," says one psychiatrist who has experimented with LSD with what he regards as negative results. Is Leary brilliant, half-cracked, drug-poisoned, striving for the martyr's crown? Another psychiatrist, Dr. Humphrey Osmond of the New Jersey Neuropsychiatric Institute at Princeton, doesn't think so.

"I think I can understand," he said. "Timothy is creating a maquis, and nobody has ever defeated a maquis. Don't forget, Irishmen [Dr. Osmond is English] are romantic and ruthless. And Timothy, like most revolutionaries, is incredibly careless. He *knew*, for example, at the time of his arrest at the border that the government chaps were out to get him if they could." Leary was arrested in March, for bringing marijuana into the United States from Mexico.

Dr. Osmond has been experimenting with the hallucinogenics since 1951. It was he who coined the word psychedelic ("mind-manifesting") to describe without prejudice their effects. In 1953, the late Aldous Huxley received from him his first dose of mescaline. Huxley, who went on to write *The Doors of Perception*, had, in a manner of speaking, invented LSD in 1931, when he provided the inhabitants of *Brave New World* with soma, a drug that took care of everything.

Dr. Leary's refusal to submit, on principle, until very recently to medical supervision of his experiments in consciousness-expansion has created unnecessary difficulties for other investigators, Dr. Osmond believes. And yet he is sure that the work must be done, and soon. "We have changed the world so much," he says, "that unless we make interior changes we'll soon be in serious trouble."

Dr. Sidney Cohen, the Los Angeles psychiatrist-pharmacologist, thinks Leary is a menace, but in his *The World Within*, the best popular study of LSD, he writes, "It is hardly necessary to invoke supernatural explanations for the mind's more exceptional activities. Its organization and complexity are difficult to grasp. The brain receives millions of electrical impulses. The 12-billion brain cells each have up to 25,000 interconnections. . . . Intuition, creativity, telepathic experiences, prophecy – all can be understood as superior activities of brain-mind function." He adds, "The experience called hallucinogenic will play a role in leading us into the future. It points out the existence of unique mental states which must be studied and understood."

A Radical Transformation

In a recent issue of the *Partisan Review*, Leslie Fiedler, the critic, in an essay, "The New Mutants," said he saw taking place "a radical transformation (under the impact of advanced technology and the transfer of traditional human functions to machines) of *homo sapiens* into something else: the emergence – to use the language of science fiction itself – of 'mutants' among us. . . . Beatniks or hipsters, layabouts and dropouts we are likely to call them with corresponding hostility – or more elegantly, but still without sympathy, passive onlookers, abstentionists, spiritual catatonics.

"The widespread use of [hallucinogens] is not merely a matter of a changing taste in stimulants," Fiedler wrote, "but of the programmatic espousal of an anti-puritanical mode of existence – hedonistic and detached – one more strategy of the war on time and work. . . . Just as certainly as liberalism is the LSD of the aging, LSD is the radicalism of the young."

At a time when, as Erich Fromm has written, "society is increasingly less conducive to mental health and tends to undermine the inner security, happiness, reason and the capacity for love in the individual," Leary presents a visionary program of rediscovery of the self, pacificism, anti-materialism and universal love.

The hallucinogenic properties of LSD (lysergic acid diethylamide) were discovered quite by chance, when Dr. Albert Hofmann inhaled an infinitesimal quantity of the drug he had just synthesized in his laboratory in Basle. Since then, research has gone forward slowly in Europe, the United States and Canada. More than 2,500 technical papers have been published. LSD has been used with indications of success, experimenters say, to treat alcoholism and other psychoneuroses that have proved resistant to conventional therapy. A start has been made with narcotics addiction. At Creedmore State Hospital on Long Island it is being used to treat

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the most pathetic of all the mentally ill, young children who, as if bewitched, suffer from autistic schizophrenia. At the University of Chicago Medical School, Dr. Eric Kast has found that LSD appears to be more effective than any other analgesic in reducing the pain of terminally-ill cancer patients. While allowing them to remain conscious and unstupefied, it also brings them, somehow, the power to contemplate their approaching death with a measure of understanding and acceptance.

From the tens of thousands of doses of LSD that have been administered under medical supervision, many general facts have emerged. It is not addicting. In fact, it is self-limiting. Taken for three days in a row, it will no longer produce a psychic effect, and as much as a week must pass before it will again. LSD causes, so far as can be determined, no organic changes in the brain or any permanent change in brain activity. When given under psychiatric supervision, instances of its causing psychotic disturbance of more than a few days' duration are all but unheard of. There are reports of reactions weeks or even months after receiving LSD, but documented cases are rare.

But researchers are also certain that LSD can start violent and sometimes permanent psychotic reactions among the approximately five percent of the nation's – and perhaps the world's – population that is thought to be predisposed to schizophrenia. This is one reason why no one, not even Leary, who once declared that every person had an absolute right to do what he wanted with his own head, favors the free use of LSD.

How does LSD affect the brain? Perhaps the most plausible theory is that, since it vanishes so soon itself, it triggers the discharge of some not yet identified bodily substance. Can its unsupervised and prolonged use, particularly among the young and emotionally immature, cause adverse personality changes? There are some indications that it can.

Many experts agree that broad, imaginative studies of the non-medical use of LSD are needed. These would include Leary's theories of consciousness expansion and the effects of the drug on religious and creative thought, two fields in which investigation has already proved encouraging.

An LSD subculture has sprung up, centered in Los Angeles, San Francisco and New York. Many "underground" films reflect this influence. There is a gallery on St. Mark's Place in Greenwich Village that shows psychedelic art. The Turtles, a rock and roll group, say they play "psychedelic music." The flashing lights, stroboscopes and overwhelming sound of Andy Warhol's "Exploding Plastic Inevitable," which is an elaborate dance-hall setting, are clearly influenced by the props with which many LSD users stimulate their fantasies.

At the moment the small amount of research that had been conducted under the rigid, traditional standards imposed by the only licensed distributor of the drug in this country, Sandoz Pharmaceuticals, Inc., the Food and Drug Administration and the National Institute of Mental Health, has been curtailed by Sandoz's decision to stop manufacturing the drug and to turn over its stocks to the NIMH.

Sandoz made its decision ostensibly because the Swiss-owned corporation was being widely blamed for permitting the drug to get into the black market, though the press has seldom failed to point out that most black-marketed LSD is home-brewed or smuggled from Italy, which does not honor Sandoz's or anyone else's drug patents. Dr. Craig Burrell, the medical director of the American branch of the concern at Hanover, N.J., acknowledges there were other reasons. "LSD still has no proven place in medicine," he says. "You'll find no one to say the world needs LSD the way it, say, needs penicillin. And in recent years it has become an unmanageable sort of giant and an amazing user of corporate time. Every time something about LSD gets into the papers we get dozens and dozens of letters from doctors, asking for the bibliography, and it's already 10 inches thick. We've even had people – there were a couple of Harvard students – come to the door, asking for samples."

Beyond that, Sandoz has spent millions of dollars on LSD, which is the oldest "new drug" in the FDA catalog, still hasn't made a nickel out of it and sees no possibility of doing so for many years to come. There are also reports among researchers that the company has been threatened with suits by persons who say they suffered brain damage through its use. Corporations will run a long way to avoid publicity like that. If research suffers, too bad.

Meanwhile, Dr. Jerome Levine, head of the department of psychopharmacology of the NIMH, has the unhappy task of trying to stimulate new and creative LSD research. The NIMH is sponsoring 35 projects, on which it will spend about $1.5 million during the current fiscal year. The Veterans Administration and sev-

COMING: *a discussion of the limits, if any, on freedom to publish – by Eliot Fremont-Smith*

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eral state hospital systems have projects of their own, bringing the total for the nation to about 50.

Of the NIMH research, only 15 projects deal with human rather than animal subjects. The three largest – at Spring Grove State Hospital in Catonsville, Md., Mendota State Hospital in Madison, Wis., and at the honor farm of the Orange County (San Diego) Jail – all involve the treatment of alcoholism. Investigators like to study the effect of LSD on alcoholics since it is susceptible of statistical conclusions: How many stayed off the sauce for how long?

Psychedelic people find the situation amusing: LSD, which is prohibited as a grave social menace, being used to treat alcoholism, which claims about five million victims and is responsible for every sort of physical and mental disability, domestic disorder and crime. They also point out that those who talk loudest against LSD have usually never experienced its effects; they think that such experience ought to be part of psychiatric training.

Many writers and artists – Allen Ginsberg, the poet, is their chief spokesman – have said that LSD and marijuana ought to be made available on both creative and constitutional grounds. Only two studies of the effects of LSD on creativity have been undertaken. One, using graduate students, which can be taken as evidence of built-in bias against the drug, found that it didn't help much. The other, using successful creative people, found that it did.

"My LSD Was Being Cut Off"

While research languishes, two of the most eminent men in the field find themselves unable to procure even a demi-microgram of LSD. They are Dr. Osmond, who has said drily that his proposals don't somehow come up to the NIMH standard, and Dr. Harold Abramson of New York, who is not only a psychiatrist and psychoanalyst but also a renowned colloidal chemist and former member of the faculties of a half-dozen of the best medical colleges in the country.

Dr. Abramson has used LSD in research and private practice since 1951. Last summer he organized and chaired a conference on the drug, sponsored by Sandoz, at the South Oaks Hospital at Amityville, L.I. The papers that were read there will be published soon with an introduction by Dr. Abramson under the title, *The Use of LSD in Psychotherapy*. Dr. Abramson is philosophical enough to note that most medical pioneers – Pasteur, Semmelweis, Morton and the rest – have been the subject of bitter controversy, but is proud enough of his reputation to be angry about what he regards as the foolish and high-handed action of the FDA. To a visitor he showed the letter from that agency, composed entirely in bureaucratese. "My lawyer had to tell me what it meant," he said. "It meant that my LSD was being cut off. I wanted to sue, but my lawyer said it would probably cost a couple of hundred thousand dollars."

The LSD crisis was a cloud no bigger than a man's hand until March 11. That was the date on which Leary and his 18-year-old daughter, Susan, were convicted in federal court in Laredo, Texas, of illegally transporting a couple of ounces of marijuana from Mexico to the customs station on the American side of the Rio Grande.

The 30-year sentence that Judge Ben C. Connally immediately imposed on Leary struck many people as severe – Susan got an indeterminate reformatory sentence – but the judge wanted to have Leary committed for a mental examination, and, because of the way the narcotics law is written, he had to impose the absolute maximum sentence to do so. After the test, which Leary is appealing along with the conviction, Leary would be returned to court. If he were to be found insane, he would, of course, be sent to a federal mental hospital. If Leary were found sane, the judge would impose a final, perhaps less stiff sentence. But the statute, a collaboration between Harry Anslinger, the former head of the Federal Narcotics Bureau, and Senator James Eastland of Mississippi, provides a *minimum* sentence of five years for the crime, even for first offenders, and the judge has no authority to suspend it.

On March 29 the New York County Medical Society released a report by its subcommittee on narcotics, which is headed by, of all things, an internist. It said, too late to do Leary much good, that marijuana was, after all, only "a mild hallucinogen" for which the penalties for use, both at the state and federal level, were much too harsh. But that was merely to distinguish pot from what it called "the potent hallucinogens," for which the penalties for distribution and sale were not nearly harsh enough.

The report went on to say that while the affliction had previously been almost unknown, from March 31 to December 31, 1965, 65 persons had been admitted to Bellevue Hospital suffering from what was diagnosed as "acute psychoses induced by LSD." (Acidheads call it "bad-trip panic.") The subcommittee's data were incomplete, but it appeared that virtually all had responded quickly to the commonly used antidote, an intramuscular injection of the tranquilizer chlorpromazine. The only patients who seemed to require long-term hospitalization had prior histories of serious mental illness.

Then, on April 5, Dr. James F. Goddard, head of the FDA, issued a public warning to the nation's colleges. Giving no clue to the source of his information, he said that their laboratories were being used to manufacture illicit LSD and that rapidly increasing numbers of col-

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lege students were taking the drug.

Six days later occurred the first LSD murder on record, or was it? A Brooklyn woman was found stabbed to death. Clues led the police to her 30-year-old son-in-law. He had left medical school in his third year the previous November because, as his lawyer says, he thought he knew more than his teachers. A few weeks before the killing, his wife had left him and gone back to her parents. At about that time he was treated at Bellevue after taking what he said was LSD.

Detectives found bloody clothing in his apartment and they arrested him. At the station house they quoted him as saying that he had been "flying for three days" after taking LSD. "Did I kill my wife?" he was said to have asked. "Did I rape anybody? What have I done?" The assistant district attorney said that he was satisfied that the suspect, Stephen Kessler, had indeed been on a trip. The assistant DA's boss, Aaron Koota, apparently didn't disagree.

Brooklyn is the place where James Whitmore made his celebrated false confession in 1964 to the murders of Janice Wylie and Emily Hoffert, but it doesn't often get front-page crime. In the next couple of weeks, Mr. Koota, who gave a cocktail party for the press during the Christmas holidays last year, made almost as many radio and television appearances as Tim Leary, dilating on the LSD menace. He called a conference of law-enforcement officials, failing to invite anyone from the New York County District Attorney's office, and succeeded in getting bills introduced in the legislature that would make the sale or distribution of LSD a felony with a 7-to-20-year sentence. The majority leader of the assembly, who is also from Brooklyn, said that the problem was so urgent that he would defer public hearings on the law until after it was passed.

A couple of weeks after Kessler had been sent away to have his brain examined, the district attorney was asked to comment on several facts. One was that Kessler could not really have known whether he had received LSD from the street-seller in Greenwich Village. Cases have been reported of the unwary being gulled by a combination of amphetamines and atropine, which makes the skin tingle like LSD. All traces of LSD disappear from the body 30 to 45 minutes after it is taken, even before the reaction starts. A three-day amnesiac reaction is apparently too rare for any of the psychiatrists who have worked with LSD to have heard of. "Yes, yes, we know that," said Mr. Koota. "I can't comment further since the case is before the courts."

After the killing, something seemed to happen in Brooklyn every day. A little girl who was said to have eaten a sugar cube treated with LSD was rushed to the hospital "in critical condition," suffering from convulsions. Like the three-day blackout, convulsions are rare. Happily, the child was released as well three days later, but her 18-year-old uncle, who admitted to having placed the offending lump in the ice box to insure its potency, was arrested.

On April 8 the New York Police Department's Narcotics Bureau was increased from 200 to 300 members. A week later a detachment of the reinforced bureau struck, again in Brooklyn, and seized what was described as $15,000 worth of LSD and $4,000 worth of marijuana. The application to LSD and marijuana of the time-honored formula for describing heroin raids, in which six ounces of the narcotic is usually said to have a street value of a couple of million dollars, was doubtless comforting to traditionalists.

No Supporting Evidence

After 50 years of attempts at suppression and the imposition of jail sentences that are the harshest in the world, the narcotics trade still flourishes, and few indeed are the occasions when the junkie with the price of a fix has to do without one. Passing laws to prohibit the use of LSD will be just as easy, but enforcing them will prove much harder than in the case of heroin.

LSD is odorless, colorless and tasteless. The amount necessary for a dose is barely visible to the naked eye. In distilled water and droppered onto a cube of sugar, it can be detected only by elaborate laboratory tests. And there are no "works" – syringe, needle, bent spoon – and no needle scars to provide supporting evidence or a tip-off to detectives.

Making LSD from its two components, lysergic acid and diethylamide, requires only a single heat reaction. To make it does not require a college laboratory or a college degree. Nor are the dangers of contamination or of by-products particularly serious. "LSD is probably the most dangerous thing you could get, anyhow," says a professor of chemistry at Columbia University.

However, so far as is known, lysergic acid is not manufactured in the United States. It is produced by a complex fermentation process that cannot be set up in someone's kitchen. For several years now the FDA has been checking closely on purchases of the drug and requiring buyers to account for its use.

Thus it seems likely that before long the black-market trade will largely consist of smuggling LSD into this country, most likely from Italy. And when the imposition of heavier penalties results in the jailing of several score college boys, ministers and doctoral candidates in chemistry, and drives the amateurs out of LSD production, the underworld, which still seems to be waiting on the sidelines, will step in.

"We know that you can buy LSD for $10,000 a kilo (2.2 pounds) from Farmitalia in Milan," said Alfred Barnard of the newly established Bureau of Drug Abuse Control of the FDA. "But at the moment that's

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about all we know. We haven't any idea how widespread the use of LSD is, how it gets into the country, who's making it here, or anything else, for that matter."

There are a billion micrograms in a kilo. The standard dose of LSD is generally put at 100 micrograms. (Serious acidheads say that a 100-microgram trip wouldn't get them around the block. They prefer 200 or 300.) Even at the present street price of $5 a dose, and it's sure to rise, that comes out to a profit margin that should prove satisfactory to the Corsicans and Mafiosi who are already established in the heroin traffic.

To control this anticipated outbreak of high-level crime, the bureau has, at the moment, a staff of 28 investigators in five field offices around the country. They are also responsible for the far larger illicit traffic in barbiturates and amphetamines.

Unlike the present New York law, which would make possession of any amount of LSD a misdemeanor on the first offense with a penalty of up to a year in jail, and a felony on subsequent offenses, with a two-year term, the new federal statute provides no penalty for possession. Sale or distribution is a misdemeanor on the first offense and a felony thereafter with a maximum term of three years.

Few officials and informed observers can see how prohibition of LSD can work. More advanced thinkers wonder if it is desirable. But everyone is concerned with at least discouraging its use until more is known about it, and particularly with keeping it out of the hands of those to whom it can cause serious harm. But how is it to be done? No one seems to know.

The Castalia Foundation

On a sunny afternoon in mid-March, a couple of weeks before the storm broke, Tim Leary, wearing khaki trousers and sneakers, was working in the driveway of the turn-of-the-century mansion that his Castalia Foundation occupies in Millbrook, N.Y., in the old patroon country of Dutchess County, about 70 miles from New York City. He and two helpers were building a tree house. One of Leary's theories is that within 200 years everyone will be living in trees. (He got the idea from *The Lord of the Rings*, in which the elves, the most psychedelic, turned-on beings in the Third Age of Middle Earth, live in the spreading branches.)

After the platform was lashed into place Leary showed me through the chalet-style fieldstone-and-clapboard main house. It was musty and was furnished largely with mattresses that were arranged on the parquet floors. (A month later, when the psychedelic counterrevolution was in full swing, a posse led by the county sheriff raided the house and found what they said was a small amount of marijuana, which Leary said must have been brought in by one of the 30 people who were spending the weekend there, and arrested him and three others. Their cases will go before the grand jury shortly.)

Sitting on a mattress on the roof of the veranda, beneath the interlaced triangles of Vishnu painted on the chimney, Leary told me how he and Dr. Richard Alpert, the son of the former president of the New Haven Railroad and his closest collaborator, had come there after their dismissal from Harvard in 1963, and their ouster from Mexico, where they had established a center for psychedelic studies a few months later.

The 3,000-acre estate was made available to them by William Mellon Hitchcock, the 26-year-old son of Tommy Hitchcock, the late 10-goal polo player, whose considerable fortune derives from his mother's family, the Mellons of Pittsburgh. Young Hitchcock and his sister, Peggy, had become interested in psychedelic phenomena while Leary and Alpert were still at Cambridge and they have remained their most faithful and, in the financial sense, valuable allies ever since.

In honor of the spring at Delphi that was sacred to the Muses, which was also the name chosen by Hermann Hesse for the mythical land in *Magister Ludi* where philosophers and artists sought the unity of all knowledge, Leary and Alpert called their new home the Castalia Foundation. They began the training of "psychedelic guides." These are the men and women, not necessarily physicians or psychologists, who, Leary and Alpert believe, are qualified to preside at consciousness-expansion sessions.

With the assistance of a young Oxonian named Ralph Metzner, who received his doctorate at Harvard while Leary and Alpert were there, they produced scores of articles, founded the quarterly *Psychedelic Review*, and adapted the ancient Tibetan work, *The Book of the Dead*, as a chart book for psychedelic voyaging. In 1965, though, Alpert decided to carry the word to the West Coast. There were reports that the two had not been seeing eye-to-eye. All Leary would say was, "I have a great deal of charisma. Perhaps it is better that no one is with me for too long."

I asked him about the prison sentence he faced. Would his psychedelic powers enable him to make, say, five years pass as but a day? "Like that," he said, snapping his fingers and laughing. "I'll do what I do wherever I speak – convert 10 percent of the prisoners and 10 percent of the guards. I'll teach the one to stop being criminals . . . and the other to stop being criminals."

Any article about LSD must include a description of what it is like to take the drug. A New Yorker made his first trip last November. It was a riot, a carnival of exquisite sensation, exploding color, visions so unspeakably beautiful that he sobbed with joy and said again and again, "Oh, my God, how lovely, how wonderful,

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how beautiful, how fair." Crystal palaces soared thousands of miles into a velvet void. His body dissolved in honey and quicksilver. He watched a bronze Buddha come alive and listened to a record of Ella Fitzgerald singing "My Ship" that he would give his soul to hear again. He went home and slept and the next day he was certain that the whole world was turned on. A month later he made his second trip. This is his account of how it ended:

". . . My guide's face changed. It became abstracted, reduced to a series of planes. His eyes were closed. In his expression there was absolute detachment, perfection, peace. An aura of silvery light flickered around his head. Then, between and slightly above the level of his eyes, I saw the third eye, the eye that gazes inward.

"The room darkened and the music faded. I was lying on my back on the floor. Then the room itself vanished and I was sinking, sinking, sinking. From far away I heard, very faintly, the word 'death'. I sank faster, turning and falling a million light years from the earth. The word got louder and more insistent. It took shape around me, closing me in. 'DEATH . . . DEATH . . . DEATH'. I thought of the dread in my father's eyes in his final hours. At the last instant before my own death I shouted, 'No'. Absolute terror, total horror. With immense effort I began to lift myself back to life. It seemed to take an eternity.

"Then the room reappeared and I was standing there shaking. My guide still sat in his chair, perfectly still. Suddenly I knew that he controlled me. There was no escape. No way to explain. I was his slave. His thoughts were my thoughts.

" 'Oh, you bastard!' I shouted. 'What have you done to me? What have you done?' From far away I heard another voice. It said, 'You are insane. Totally, finally, irrevocably insane. My face got cold. I ran in circles in that little room. I scattered the bright stones that I had felt change and grow beneath my fingers a few hours earlier.

"I tried to be calm and think, but I couldn't. I could feel my brain splitting. I never pray, God knows, but I fell to my knees in that chamber of horrors. 'Jesus, help me!' I said. 'Help me! Help me!'

"My guide stood over me. 'Take it easy,' he said. 'You always knew it could end like this.' The way the words reverberated with menace, it was the most frightening thing I had ever heard. He held a white capsule in one hand and a glass of water in the other. 'Take this,' he said. 'It's Thorazine. It will calm you.'

"To me it looked like more LSD. 'Not on your life, you bastard,' I shouted. 'I'm getting out of here.' He stood in front of the door. I picked up a chair and went for him. . . ."

Not long ago the man was telling Metzner and Alpert about the experience in the office of the Leary Defense Fund on United Nations Plaza. Finally he said, "I felt I just had to get out."

Alpert, rosy and blond and very relaxed, looked at him. "Are you sure you did?" he asked.

What Is the Clinical Evidence?

LSD-25 (*L*yserg-*S*aeure-*D*iaethylamid) was synthesized by Dr. Albert Hofmann at the Sandoz Research Laboratories in Basle, Switzerland, on 2 May 1938 (hence its code designation "25"). The psychotomimetic properties of LSD were discovered by Dr. Hofmann five years later when, while working with other ergot derivatives, he suddenly experienced a "not unpleasant inebriation," consisting of illusions and hallucinations, lasting for several hours.

Over 1,000 articles about lysergic acid diethylamide have since appeared in medical world literature – but some confusion and controversy about it still persists. Its action has been described as psychotomimetic (mimicker of psychoses), hallucinogenic, illusinogenic psychotogenic, mysticomimetic, psycholytic, psychodysleptic, psychotropic, psychedelic (mind-manifesting), phantasticum, etc. All these descriptive terms have some justification and they mainly reflect the purpose for which the particular investigator takes or gives LSD.

How does LSD act?

The following *four stages of action* generally can be distinguished:

1. Initial, lasting for 1/2 to 3/4 hours after oral ingestion of 100 to 150 micrograms of LSD, and producing slight nausea, some anxiety, dilatation of pupils, tachycardia, etc.;

2. "Experience," lasting for 1 to 4 to 8 hours, and consisting of illusions, hallucinations and delusions, associated with significant alteration of orientation (mainly impaired for time, rarely for place), of consciousness (confusional states, dreamlike revivals of past traumatic events or childhood memories), of sensory perception (in addition to visual illusions, hallucinations and synesthesias – distortion of space and perspective), of motor coordination (impaired on testing), of mood and affectivity (anxiety, euphoria, hypomania, ecstasy, autistic withdrawal), of ideation (flight of ideas, ideas of reference, impairment of concentration and intelli-

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gence on testing), and alteration of personality (dissolution of personality by depersonalization and derealization; impairment of conscience and of acquired social and cultural customs);

3. Recovery, lasting for several hours and consisting of "waves of normality alternating with waves of abnormality";

4. Aftermath, consisting of fatigue and tension during the following day.

Significant contributions to elucidation and treatment of some mental disorders with the help of LSD have been made by European and American psychiatrists. Marked facilitation of the analytical interviews is attributed to the "mind-revealing" effect of LSD (psycholytic therapy); some hopeless chronic alcoholics have been helped by LSD combined with skilled psychotherapy, as were some psychopaths, including drug addicts.

There is one uniform agreement among the investigators of LSD; namely, that LSD can be extremely dangerous when used improperly. All subjects must be meticulously screened psychiatrically before LSD administration to exclude latent psychotics. Furthermore, adequate observation and control during the LSD administration is *sine qua non*, as is adequate supervision after LSD administration. The reason for exclusion of latent or pre-psychotics is obvious. The nature of LSD action, *i.e.*, its psychotomimetic properties, necessitates a strict supervision of the subject during the LSD administration; the author has personally observed a severe catatonic excitement in a senior resident physician in psychiatry which led to partial destruction of a dining room before he could be restrained and sedated. Adequate supervision after LSD administration is justified by the severe prolonged psychotic reactions, some of which resulted in suicide, others in long-term hospitalization.

The suicide rate (in the investigational group) has been reported as .1 percent, a remarkably low rate considering that LSD has been usually given to the rather severely ill patients, including chronic alcoholics, neurotics, psychopaths, drug addicts, etc.

Another clinical indication for administration of LSD has been intractable pain, mostly in patients with terminal cancer. Not only has LSD proved to have a longer effect than the strongest morphine derivative, but it also changes the mode of pain perception. These are rather typical comments of patients dying of terminal cancer after receiving LSD: "The pain is here, but I'm somewhere else – nothing really belongs to you, not even your pain," or another: "The pain is changed – when I pressed here yesterday, I had unendurable pain. Now . . . it hurts . . . but it doesn't register as terrifying."

A major problem presented by LSD is its illegitimate use, which is estimated to be 1,000- to 5,000-fold that of the clinical investigational use. A sampling of students at Stanford University showed that at least 40 percent have been taking hallucinogens. A similar sampling showed illicit use by about 10 percent of the seniors at one California high school.

It is obvious that such unsupervised and uncontrolled use of LSD can lead to severe complications – and it has. Severe, prolonged psychoses (including occurrences among children who accidentally ingested LSD acquired by their parents) resulted from this abuse. Some of these terminated in suicide, others in psychosocial deterioration.

The more evident dangers of the prolonged adverse reactions from hallucinogens are:

- mood swings, including depression, which may lead to suicide, and euphoria, which may lead to socially embarrassing situations;
- time and space distortion, presenting obvious traffic dangers;
- hallucinations, which are perilous out-of-doors;
- impulsive behavior, wandering and absent-mindedness, all of which may endanger the user and those with him.

Even after reviewing over 1,000 medical publications, the author was unable to confirm reports that a psychosis can develop in a hitherto mentally healthy individual several months *after* his last LSD intake. It is more likely that this individual was already psychically disarranged before he took LSD. This, of course, emphasizes even more the absolute necessity of competent psychiatric screening of every person who is to use any hallucinogen.

No attempt is made in this article to discuss the transcendental, metaphysical, mystical and psychedelic properties of LSD, except to note that some of the few objectively recorded artistic (painting, poetry) post-LSD performances have been less than mediocre.

In addition to LSD, the following other substances have an hallucinogenic effect; mescaline (extracted from peyote cactus), psilocybin (from Mexican mushroom), DMT, DET, DPT (dimethyltryptamine, etc.) bufotenine, a.o.

The main sources of LSD for illegitimate use in the United States are: (a) illicit synthesis, (b) Canada, (c) England, (d) Israel and (e) Czechoslovakia.

In summary, while LSD, when used by competent psychiatrists, can be a useful and relatively safe tool in diagnosis and treatment of some mental disorders, it has produced disastrous effects in self-administered, unsupervised and inadequately screened cases.

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Publishing's Unagonizing Reappraisal

by David Dempsey

"The trouble with book publishing," an editor told me not long ago, "is that it has started making money." By traditional standards of American corporate enterprise, this new fortune may not be the biggest money around; nevertheless, it is beginning to talk. Since 1952, sales by dollar volume have climbed a staggering 400 percent, to reach last year's two billion dollars. Per capita purchase of books more than doubled during this same 14-year span. When the boom got under way, publishing was still regarded as a pleasant, if not notably lucrative, profession for gentlemen. ("There *is* money there," the caveat went, "but the money wasn't made in books.") Many executive suites were occupied by men who were born into the business – there is today a fifth-generation Dodd in the 126-year-old Dodd, Mead & Co. – or who had bought their way in to satisfy a cultural or social urge. The profession had "status" and paid low salaries.

Today, publishing is a growth industry, and it is learning to preen itself accordingly. In the past few years, it has come under the flattering scrutiny of investment bankers; it is being invaded by such outside giants as Xerox, I.B.M., Raytheon, the brothers Murchison, Norton Simon and Hunt Foods. Big publishers are cannibalizing the smaller ones, and the resultant mergers sometimes end up as subsidiaries of non-publishing corporations. (Example: Knopf bought Pantheon, Random House took over Knopf and RCA acquired Random. A story making the rounds to explain this marriage has it that David Sarnoff had always wanted to be a publisher, while Bennett Cerf's secret ambition was to sit on the board of RCA. And now they can both talk back to Alfred Knopf.)

In contrast to publishing's "consumer" revolutions in the past – book clubs, mass market paperbacks, mail order selling – this one is an affair of the front office. And except for some psychic twinges in the editorial chairs, where the book as well as the buck is handled with nostalgic reverence, the revolution has been cheerfully unagonizing. It pays to be big. To cite a concrete instance: the Elementary and Secondary Act of 1965, under Title II, is pumping $100 million into the coffers of publishers to buy textbooks and expand school libraries. Title III of the Act authorizes another $100 million, and the Higher Education bill calls for $250 million, a good slice of which is earmarked for books. This is probably just the beginning of government subvention; and since the product lines of the big companies can be most easily tailored to government

An Ideal Tale

The citizens haven't been able to locate the good, lately.
The last they heard it was headed south on a Honda.
What gets in the papers suggests it is simply lost,
But one gathers there's more – amnesia perhaps, or bliss.
Socrates said long ago there'd be times like this.

In government circles the impulse has been to assume
That it's on a mission of vast diplomatic delicacy.
Those in charge are in touch. There's no need to worry.
All will come out in due course. When declassified
The story will prove to be mighty good.

But concern in moral, conservative circles mounts.
A preacher in Boston claims to have learned from high sources
That atheists in the vicinity of Wareham
Have confessed in private to killing the party missing
To put an end, as they put it so oddly, to sinning.

The guardians speak not at all. There is simply no evidence.
The riots go on at the shores, but the suburbs are quiet.
None but the aged seem panicked. At a west coast college
A metaphysician with tenure was heard to proclaim
That the good was living nearby, under an assumed name.

REED WHITTEMORE

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specifications, corporate publishers are going to get most of this money.

In terms of influence, the independent "trade" publishers such as Farrar, Straus & Giroux, or Atheneum, are fighting a holding action at best; yet it is houses such as these that customarily set the standards for literary output in this country. And ironically, it has not been the shrinkage of the market that is doing them in, but its expansion. Inadequate capitalization has always constituted the exposed flank of publishing; without growth money, the gentleman publisher is either "going public" or selling out. Not more than a dozen first line "trade" houses in this country are making it on their own; that is, without a schoolbook department, a strong line of juveniles or a literary-minded backer who needs a tax loss. In any case, the adult book of general interest, including fiction, represents today a minuscule share of the market: about 7.5 percent of all books sold.

Nevertheless, it is this visible part of the iceberg that constitutes "creative" publishing; the venture capital that makes this possible (almost all trade books are gambles) is increasingly being supplied by non-book publishing sources. The Times-Mirror Co.'s recent acquisition of Harry Abrams, Inc., is the latest in a series of purchases that has diversified this Los Angeles-based newspaper empire into law books, dictionaries, Bibles, paperbacks, foreign publishing and, under the Abrams imprint, books on the fine arts. Both World Publishing and New American Library (Times-Mirror subsidiaries) do a varied list of novels and trade items. As a $250-million-a-year corporation, Times-Mirror was not embarrassed when Truman Capote asked them for a half-a-million-dollar guarantee on the reprint rights to *In Cold Blood*. Bennett Cerf had advised Capote to ask for a quarter-of-a-million, but this was before the Random House deal with RCA. With the new mergers, authors are learning to think big. Capote got the advance, and New American will undoubtedly earn it back.

It takes decades to build up a profitable line of books in any field; but the giants don't have to wait out the development of a product when they can buy someone else's ready made. Crowell-Collier, a three-time loser with its magazine division, which it liquidated several years ago, has come back strongly following its takeover of the prestigious Macmillan Co., the Brentano bookstore chain, the Berlitz language schools, a number of small book clubs, home study courses and radio stations. Book publishing thus assumes its place in a horizontally integrated communications "system." When the Meredith Publishing Co. (*Better Homes and Gardens*) bought out Duell, Sloan and Pearce, and then Appleton-Century-Crofts, the remnants of four book houses came under magazine control.

The independents are also being wooed, and often won, by the electronics segment of American industry: RCA; Xerox (Wesleyan University Press, Inc., University Microfilms, and Heritage Library, a line of juveniles); Raytheon (D. C. Heath); IBM. (Science Research Associates); Sylvania Electric (now embarked on a companionate marriage with *Reader's Digest*) and General Electric (affiliated with Silver, Burdett, which lost its virginity to *Time*). Out of this last scramble has emerged the General Learning Corporation, capitalized at $40 million and headed by Francis Keppel, former United States Commissioner of Education. The aim of General Learning is to develop "systems, services and materials" for a worldwide market.

Aside from the ongoing production of textbooks and educational hardware, the new combines are all engaged in test borings that reflect in some degree the beliefs of Marshall McLuhan that a new communications technology is making reading obsolete, at least for the purpose of exchanging information. There is an uneasy feeling on the part of publishers, largely unjustified, I think, even among those who understand what McLuhan is talking about, that the Gutenberg era may be coming to an end. Alfred Edwards, president of Holt, Rinehart and Winston, speaks of "maintaining our position on the forward edge of the communications 'tool'." (It is surprising how publishers have got away from the use of the word "book.") Holt is a publicly owned company whose largest outside stockholders are Clint and John Murchison, and it can be pardoned for looking ahead. But there isn't really anyone in publishing who can say exactly what that "tool" is going to be. The electronics people aren't too sure, either, but they are convinced that a revolution is on the way, and in the meantime they are buying the oil rights against the time when the gusher comes in.

A far more immediate concern is what is happening to the trade publisher who doesn't want to merge, or whose books don't blend into the "product mix" of a parent company. Undoubtedly, some of the marginal houses will be squeezed out through inability to compete with the big money; it is not unusual for them to develop an author, at considerable cost, and lose him

In the Land of Plenty

Tubs of butter, cellars of mushrooms, ballrooms of roe . . .
Without warning I have passed to this land of plenty
where serpents suck contentment from their tails
and cows graze the fat crops, choking on their cud.
Day and night, winter and summer, all is glut
In such a land, even eggshells germinate
and crusts run riot with mold.
Even the garbage is alive. The fire
that eats the dump is banked at night
but never cold; stoked full of leavings,
it lards the clouds with smoke; the sky reels;
against the borrowed light, seagulls wheel and dive,
picking the fire's chops for scraps. Between the two
not even bones are left but crumble into meal
that one-cells eat, excrete, and eat again
in the land of plenty where glut is all.

GERALD JONAS

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when he begins to sell. An implied danger here is that the giants will have more and more power to decide which authors and what books have access to the mass market, and thus determine, in the words of Dan Lacy, Director of the American Book Publishers Council, "what the cultural fare of the mass audience will be."

Lacy made his statement five years ago, when the big mergers were getting under way and it was widely feared that the new firms would be too profit-conscious to take chances on an experimental writer, or a quality book that might not pay its way. "Quantitative growth," as Viking's Marshall Best put it, might not "provide qualitative growth as well." So far, it hasn't worked out this way. Lacy today is a good deal less bearish than he was, largely, I think, because the industry has demonstrated two countervailing defenses. First, by its inherent nature, publishing is practically monopoly-proof. The established private imprints – Scribners, Viking, Atheneum, Dutton, and Morrow, for example – carry a weight in the industry that is out of all proportion to their size. This is especially true in the development of authors who are inclined to regard the typewriter as more important to the future of letters than the computer. And although it is not easy, an upstart firm can still penetrate the mass market with the right book. Grossman Publishers, a small, new house recently made a best seller out of Ralph Nader's *Unsafe at Any Speed.* The problem for the small publisher is how to survive until the right book comes along.

Secondly, the big, publicly owned houses have shown a gentlemanly disposition to underwrite doubtful trade items for the sake of window-dressing in the corporate showcase. Much of this can be charged off to good will. "RCA doesn't really care about the first novels Bennett Cerf brings out," an unmerged publisher said to me, "as long as his textbooks make money." I would go further: RCA probably doesn't *know* what Random's subsidiary, Pantheon, is publishing, and they may not realize they own it. An inside story concerns a large house whose trade department, under the direction of a culture-minded young editor, has been losing money for years. Accounting procedures disguise this fact from the stockholders, and since the company overall is doing well, who cares?

Certainly not authors. The new affluence has been a bonanza for the name writer, who can now pretty much call his own tune, and it is reaching down to the lower slopes of Parnassus as the corporations need more products to go "on stream." It has never been easier to get a poor book published; there are simply not enough good ones to go around. Piracy is rampant as some of the well-funded newcomers fight their way into the market with an instant list. Authors' advances are bigger than ever, and if you're not really an author, that's all right, too. This spring, Viking signed up Sandy Koufax to "do" his life story. (It is surprising how publishers have got away from the word "write.") He was advanced $125,000, or about as much as he is being paid by the Los Angeles Dodgers. A collaborator was provided for him. To protect their investment, Viking insured Koufax's left arm and the collaborator's right.

A rigorously "literary" house, Viking has learned that one formula for survival is to compete with the biggies on their own terms. And it has not sacrificed standards. "We take on good books which we know aren't going to make it," an executive of the company said. "It makes us feel that we're still honest publishers."

Publishing today has entered a climacteric in which the usual agonies of change are being tranquilized away by sheer success. It is the position the movies found themselves in about 45 years ago, when the bankers began to get seriously interested. Yet to date the swing to big money has not vulgarized the trade. Creative publishing continues as an enclave within the vast, new "masscomm" structure, exercising a cultural leverage that can make a critical difference to the industry's future.

The danger lies in a surrender of this function. On a long-range basis, the prospects are not good. One wonders

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Vice President Hubert Humphrey

"... fascinating account ..."
Senator J. W. Fulbright, chairman, Senate Committee on Foreign Relations

a giant step
by CLYDE T. ELLIS

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about the future of the merged firms when the acquired aristocracy retires, and their successors are appointed by the new managements. What will take place in the board room of RCA when the directors find out they *do* own Pantheon, and that Pantheon's newest literary import, translated from the Portuguese, will never make a situation comedy? Good publishing is most vulnerable in its risky dependence on outside control. A reversal of the industry's current prosperity binge will leave the creative enclave dangerously exposed, and even expendable. In a showdown, the corporations can't be expected to act like gentlemen – or even publishers.

The Outsider Comes In

by Stanley Kauffmann

The work of non-definition goes on. The "death of God" becomes a theological position. Black humor becomes the norm of seriousness. Ugliness becomes an aesthetics. The prospect of chaos has never looked more inviting: which is to say, a livable life without cosmology or teleology has never seemed more possible. Poor Yeats! His famous sigh, when he saw Jarry's *Ubu Roi* in 1896, was: "After us the Savage God." How lucky for him that he is gone. The question now is: After the Savage God, what?

Orpheus on Top
by Edward Stewart
(Putnam; $5.95)

If the above is true, it is true – as are all universal philosophic truths – for a very small part of the world's population. It is not true for Mohammedans or Taoists or Chinese Communists or virtually any other residents of Asia or black Africa. Nor is it true for medical missionaries or professional soldiers or most businessmen, factory-workers, and farmers, or their wives. It *is* true for some artists and intellectuals in Europe and the Americas. But in the long historical run, that is what matters to Europeans and Americans; for their artists and intellectuals live on the frontier, wherever it happens to be, and it is they who pass back – in order of genius and dedication – the messages fished out of the void ahead.

Edward Stewart, whose first novel *Orpheus on Top* is just published, is not a pioneer. There is a long line of very much superior artists, from Büchner to Beckett, who have been slogging ahead of him for over a century. But the most interesting aspect of his generally interesting novel is that, from its first page, it lives comfortably in the territory they have opened up. It is, so to speak, a second-generation book, not an immigrant. In regard to evil and ugliness, it is a novel of recognition, not of choice.

Here is the opening line: "One Saturday in March many years ago a well-dressed woman rented the best suite in the old Ritz and tried to push a little boy from the window."

That boy is the hero, our Orpheus. He reaches the end of the book 318 pages later, reunited with his curious Eurydice. The closing lines: " 'You're horrible,' she said. He eased the car back onto the speedway. 'You're pretty horrible yourself'."

The time may be coming to a close – already, in this hurry-up age – when fiction of this kind can be called black comedy, as if it were satire dancing around some solid villain, jabbing and looking for a knockdown, a victory. Stewart's book is an example of what may be called the post-sympathy novel. It does not operate on a basis of identifications and angers but of neurological abstractions. Traditional fiction may be compared with sculpture mimetic of the human body, even if in Giacometti shapes. This book is like a Lippold construction, made of fine but unbreakable steel wires. The filaments are like human nerves, drawn so tight that they do not even twang.

The book is a latter-day *Entwicklungsroman*. It tells of the youth and coming to modern age of Alex Underland, a name invented to be conjured with. His mother goes mad when he is a child, and his father, a doctor, deposits him with an aunt who rears him harshly. He is determined to go to medical school. While an undergraduate, he writes a surrealist play with a long title. (The title and the play's success suggest Arthur Kopit's *Oh, Dad.*) Despite the considerable fuss over the play, he continues his medical studies, marries, and is betrayed by his wife. This ends Part One, which is called *Orpheus Goes Down.*

It might be said that in this first part the hardness of the book is not yet formed – that Alex is atavistically idealistic and capable of disenchantment. But the author is not. The tone of the prose is the same throughout, and Stewart is, in a sense, waiting for Alex to join him. This happens in Part Two, called *Orpheus Under.* This describes some years on the bottom, mostly in Paris but also elsewhere in Europe, during which Alex subsists by any means, including living on girls and serving as gigolo to an ancient rich woman with one leg and one eye. He is like a monk who has taken twin vows of poverty and sensuality.

In Part Three, *Orpheus on Top*, he reverses course, accepts and grabs the world. He returns to New York. Through the after-effects of that undergraduate play, which keeps winding through his life, together with some other plays, he becomes a swinger; joins a huge, slick talent agency; wheels and deals. He subdues everything and everyone, self included.

The writing is continuously inviting: dry without being tasteless, figured without being ornate. Slitted throughout are peepholes of insight. For example, the child Alex is taken to a posh restaurant for the first time, along with a little girl his own age: "The waiters in cutaways and a little waltz orchestra did not impress Alex half so much as the fact that the little girl ignored them."

Some of the rhapsodic, tumbling, tumultuous sections are like Henry Miller at his best. Here is a riot in a Paris theater:

> "The tide swept monocles, spectacles, necklaces, ties white and black, belts jeweled and plain, over the seats like so much jetsam. A wig landed here, a chignon there; a face was slammed purple with

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weeping and suffocation against the carpet; feet kicked above the heads, mouths bit beneath the feet; mourning bands and legion ribbons, loosened in the friction, fell unheeded, and one man who bent to retrive an honor that was not his was knocked onto his back and trampled into grapes. People in the horseshoes ran to the railings to calculate the possibility of jumping safely. The stairways and foyers groaned with congestion and the building trembled in its supports as though stifling a sneeze."

The book's chief defect is its fluctuating relation with realism, both in characterization and in action. The people are, for the most part, introduced as people, but they become grotesque puppets. The author looks consistently through the same prism of abstraction; but in Part One he is looking through it at reality, and in the latter two parts he looks at what is already a stylized horrible dance before the prism sights it. Even if the alteration is intended to show the hero's alteration of values, some of the action becomes so extreme or fantastic that it detracts from the quality of fantasy and farce in ordinary, everyday life.

But the book succeeds in, as I take it, its main objective: to live as an inhabitant of a new age. In a work by a young man that presumes to be so hard, once we are assured that it is worth reading at all, we keep testing it for signs of bravado and empty flourish. I found very few. There are some signs of showing off: *e.g.*, Alex hears some music and thinks: "A four-hand piano marching tune – was it Schubert's *Marche Militaire*, the Diller-Quaile duet arrangement?" But the book in essence is not a pose.

The importance of this novel, as an artistic achievement, ought not to be exaggerated. It is less satisfying, in sheer literary terms, than such black comedies as Elliott Baker's *A Fine Madness* or John Barth's modern novels. But it is different from them. Dostoevsky's offspring, the underground man, seems to be changing. He is no longer a rebel or a misunderstood outcast – at any rate, not always. He is moving to the center of society and, although he is certainly not representa-

What do they mean when they talk about THE DEATH OF GOD?

All across the country, in seminaries and on the college campus, in churches and in the homes, the question is being urgently debated. "IS GOD DEAD?" asks *Time* magazine in a big cover story. And *Look* answers with another cover story, "IN DEFENSE OF GOD."

Originally published with no thought of popular demand, THE DEATH OF GOD by Gabriel Vahanian, Professor of Religion at Syracuse University, has become *news*. Not only theologians, students and clergymen, but apparently everyone interested in religion is reading this book.

Should we deify "man — the twaddler"?

"Nothing is worse than a dead faith, except a dead doubt?" writes Dr. Vahanian. In his unsparing appraisal of the spiritual condition of Western man, he questions the sincerity of the religious mood prevalent in America today. He terms this mood a modern "religiosity" and finds its origins in the refusal of contemporary man to bear the responsibility of questioning his own beliefs.

"The Death of God" began, according to Dr. Vahanian, the moment man started to compromise with the Biblical concept of God transcendant, and to merge the identity of the Godhead with the identity of humankind. From this compromise evolved the belief in the possibility of heaven on earth, in human perfectibility, in the expectation that man, both individually and collectively, can control his temporal fate.

Today, as a consequence, Western society not only exalts all possible material comforts, but requires as well easy, guaranteed, status-assuring religious affiliations. Our search for "inner security" is, in Dr. Vahanian's view, in direct opposition to the toleration of doubt that tests the strength of genuine religious faith.

"Eloquent Prophet of the Lord"

"THE DEATH OF GOD is an unhesitating, unflinching analysis of an age which, Dr. Vahanian believes, has no concern even to deny God. It is a cultural analysis of the religious, political, artistic, literary and societal movements of our era."
—Paul Ramsey

"In his preface to THE DEATH OF GOD, Paul Ramsey, Professor of Religion at Princeton University, explains that we are now in the second phase of the period *post-mortem Dei;* the first phase was anti-Christian, ours is post-Christian. . . . Dr. Vahanian's message has to do with the 'dishabilitation' of the Christian tradition, with its replacement by bourgeois religiosity, with the desperate effort of Western culture to shake off the 'crippling shackles' of a superannuated piety. . . . The quality of mind which enters into this book is unique and fascinating. Dr. Vahanian is a fierce but eloquent prophet of the Lord."
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New York Times Book Review

"THE DEATH OF GOD is the most exciting theological book I have read in many years. In some ways, it is a parallel to Karl Barth's *Romerbrief*."
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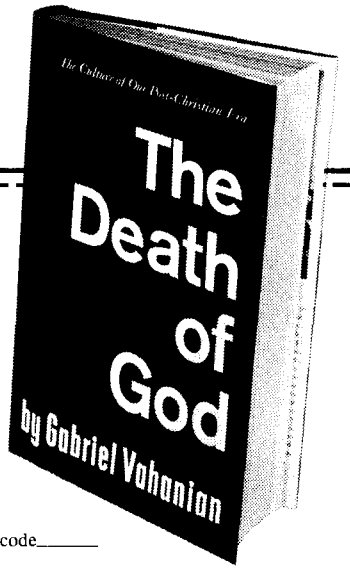

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tive of the whole society, still he is now able to put on custom-made suits and hand-rubbed shoes and take a command post in our culture's Pentagon. Thus his saga ceases to be fundamentally satirical and becomes more repertorial.

Yet his life may be the new romance – that of nihilism; and the fact that he is not totally representative of society may only confirm the romance, as an abstraction and enlargement of some elements of reality. That was Hawthorne's definition of romance, and, *mutatis mutandis*, it applies to *Orpheus on Top*.

Halle's Applied Philosophy

by Ronald Steel

Louis J. Halle, from whom much is expected and a great deal often granted, has written a highly engaging and exceedingly irritating book, one which is likely to win him some unexpected new friends and alienate many old ones. This is, we are told, a study in "applied philosophy" which will allow us to understand, and hopefully bridge, the gap between the two worlds we inhabit, "the tangible world and the conceptual world." By a series of oddly chosen and rather disparate examples, Mr. Halle seeks to "represent philosophy applied to the challenge of prophecy, concerning itself with the direction in which the society of man is moving." This is a big order, and perhaps it is best to say right off that the author – for all his good intentions and evident concern – does not begin to fill it. What he does is to provide a rather entertaining grab-bag, stuffed with other men's observations, garnished with a few lessons in capsule history, and wrapped up in anecdotes gleaned from Mr. Halle's earlier days as a diplomat on the policy planning staff of the State Department. Mr. Halle's students – who presumably first heard these observations in the form of lectures given at the Graduate Institute of International Studies in Geneva, where the author teaches – must have loved it. Others will, too, for this is a highly diverting book, one which offers a modicum of enlightenment with no intellectual pain, which rambles knowingly from the dialectic of Hegel to the habits of migratory birds via the evolutionary ruminations of Teilhard de Chardin, and which manages to seem controversial without shaking a single entrenched assumption. For those who like their "applied philosophy" from an eye-dropper, there is no more agreeable *tour d'horizon* than *The Society of Man*. For those, like myself, who have long admired Mr. Halle's wisdom, humanity and freedom from cant, this book comes as a distinct lapse.

The Society of Man
by Louis J. Halle
(Harper & Row; $4.95)

His thesis is that "we necessarily live, at one and the same time, in two disparate worlds: a chaotic existential world and a conceptual world of order." Banal, but true. As we know from experience, there is a gap between the way we have grown accustomed to look at the world and the way it really is, between what our minds understand and what is really happening. This is our dilemma but also our opportunity, for if man is a confused animal, he is also a conceptualizing animal, and it is this passion for conceptualizing, or abstracting, which allows him to impose order upon experience. This grid of order helps us deal with the real, "existential" world, but it also alienates us from that world. The result is a dualism which forces us to inhabit two worlds simultaneously: a world of ideas and a world of "facts" – a world of conceptual order and a world of continually changing realities.

Not only does our theorizing separate us from the real world, it also prevents us from ever fully understanding it. This may seem paradoxical, because the purpose of theorization is to help us to understand the phenomenal world of facts. But the trouble is that the real world, which is in constant flux, continually outpaces our ability to impose a grid of theory upon it. Thus the two worlds continually approach and drift apart, but never become one. We are, as Mr. Halle wrote in a felicitous phrase from an earlier work, *Men and Nations*, "like the performer in a circus who rides two horses, one foot on each." To choose one horse over the other, to live only in the world of facts is to be plunged into "existential chaos"; to live only in the world of ideas is to deny reality.

There is nothing original in this concept – it was plaguing philosophers long before Plato – but Mr. Halle presents it lucidly and forcefully. It is a problem worth rephrasing, for many of us forget that it exists. We imagine that our theories about the world perfectly reflect the world as it is. Mr.

Like Us, Maybe

These people discuss spirits as if spirits
Were leaves, or might be. They also hint that leaves
Are something more, maybe: like spirits, leaves.

A winter people, they are abstracted much,
Staring at the fire which is their guest, they say,
A great prince, the sun, lost in the snow.

About pain they are simple; but all the rest they find
More than it is. They have listened to the wind
So long, everything seems strangely kin.

They are a people whose words, lifted by wind,
Take flight like spirits, a people like us maybe,
But poorer, whose leaves mean everything. And must.

Leonard E. Nathan

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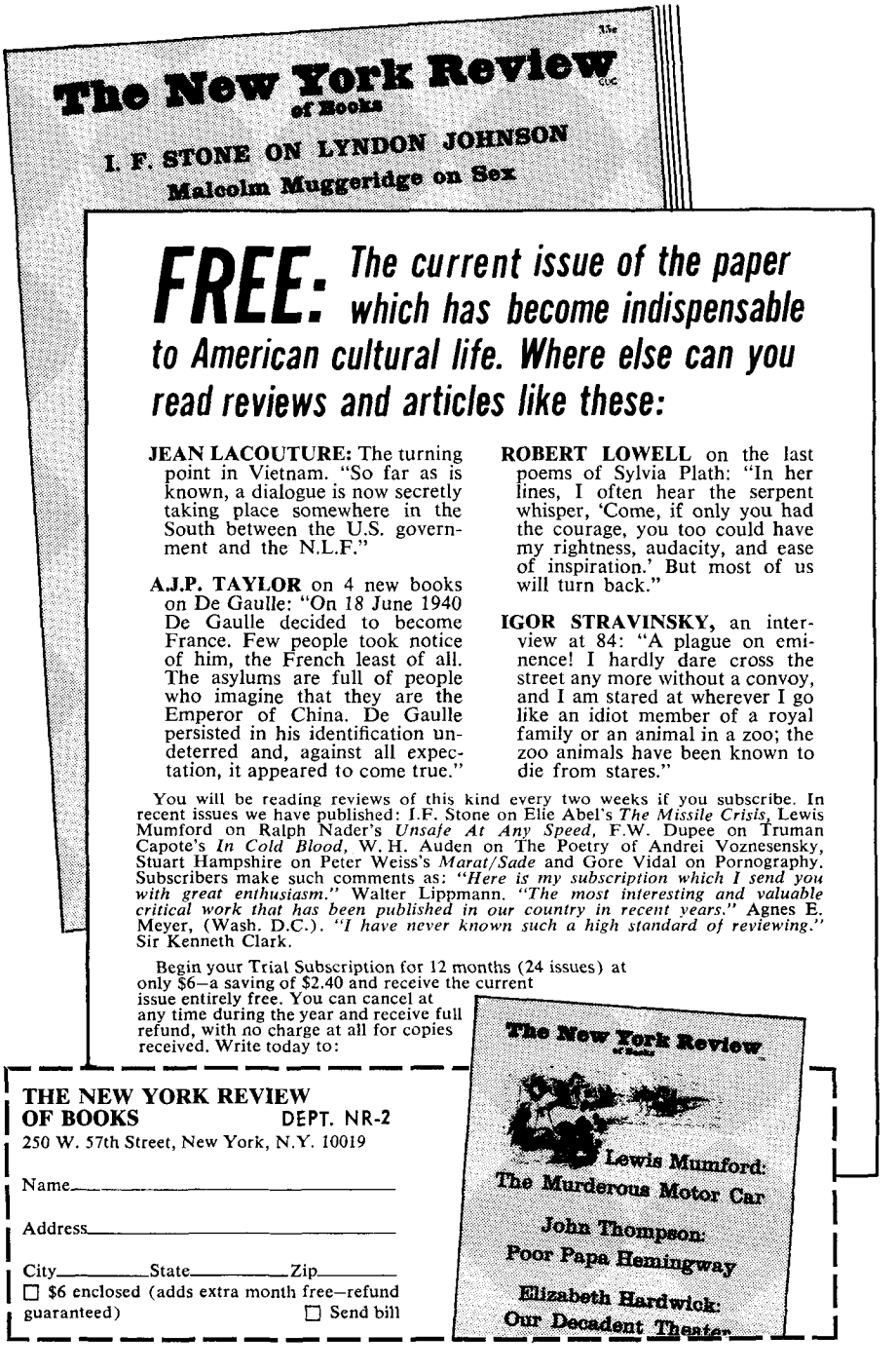
Halle, through a series of examples drawn from life, art and ornithology, reminds us that we are wrong. Although they range far and wide over the human and animal kingdom, these examples fall into three basic categories: the history of Marxism, the conduct of diplomacy, and the phenomenon of nationalism. After a few anecdotes – sometimes elucidating, sometimes self-consciously ingenuous – of the author's years in the State Department, he examines the role of the statesman as a commuter between the worlds of thought and action. Having played two roles himself, he sees the statesman as living primarily in the world of "existential reality," while the professor inhabits the conceptual world of thought. Neither fully understands the other, because each believes in his own view of "reality." It is, although Mr. Halle does not say so, the old problem of the philosopher and the king – and how to bring the two together. Both are necessary, for the scholar is the navigator whose "business is to see beyond the transient and the complicated" (in a phrase borrowed from Walter Lippmann), while the statesman holds onto the wheel, ploughing through the real waves.

Only the "true statesman" can manage to inhabit both worlds simultaneously, and he does so by combining vision with the discipline of responsibility. This balancing act is only manageable, however, by recognizing that absolute good and absolute evil are luxuries of thought unknown in the real world. In the chaos of the existential world, everything is grey, and the statesman is forced to recognize "the necessity of evil." Despite its theological overtones, what Mr. Halle seems to mean by this portentous phrase is that there are no morally pure answers in the real world, everything is to some degree a compromise and a choice among lesser evils. Mr. Halle goes into a long, and rather unconvincing exegesis of the Cuban missile crisis in order to demonstrate what few of his readers could have doubted: that what President Kennedy faced "was not a simple choice between right and wrong but a dilemma involving the necessity of evil." From the benefit of hindsight, Mr. Halle applauds Kennedy's actions as producing "almost immediately, a relaxation of international tensions and a notable abatement of the Cold War." This was a Happy Ending, indeed, but it is not one which Mr. Halle, nor President Kennedy for that matter, could have predicted before it happened. Even Kennedy was not sure he was really choosing the lesser evil, and one wonders whether Mr. Halle would have been so effusive in his praise had Khrushchev not backed down. Kennedy's choice of tactics was indicated in the end, but the decision could have gone the other way – in which case Mr. Halle would probably not be around to write about it, nor I to review it.

Although Mr. Halle has a valid point about the inability of the statesman to pursue the dictates of abstract morality, he overplays his hand and thereby diminishes the force of his own argument. Kennedy's critics during the missile crisis were not, despite Mr. Halle's aspersions, blind to the "necessity of evil." A good many of them were per-



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fectly willing to accept all kinds of lesser evils. What they questioned was the tactics the President decided upon, and whether the danger posed by the Russian missiles merited the risks involved in removing them. This is a political and military argument – not a moral one – and nobody was more aware of it than Kennedy himself, who, according to his biographers, weighed every possible alternative before finally deciding upon the blockade. Nothing succeeds like success, but it is well not to make a *Zeitgeist* of it.

In addition to the rather unconvincing example of the Cuban missile crisis, Mr. Halle illustrates the dualism of his two worlds by discussions of the history of Marxism, the vagaries of Soviet conduct, and the changing role of the nation-state in an increasingly inter-dependent world community. The two chapters on Marxism, although entertaining, tend to be warmed-over versions of a viewpoint already presented by Robert Tucker, and it is not easy to understand why Mr. Halle has devoted so much space to what is basically a borrowed argument. He makes a good case for the dilemma of the Soviet statesman, who is torn between the conceptual world of Marxist ideology and the perplexing real world of "peaceful coexistence" – and shows how this dilemma has affected Soviet foreign policy. It is unfortunate, perhaps, that he did not apply the same skeptical reasoning to the parallel dilemma of American statesmen, who are also caught between the official dogma of the Cold War and the "new realities" of its aftermath. Mr. Halle does briefly point out that many of our political experts are prisoners of their own abstractions, viewing the world in terms of ideological confrontations which no longer reflect real events, and which simply get in the way of our attempt to cope with change. Since he understands this problem well, one can only regret that he did not spend more time elaborating it, rather than wandering all over the cosmos in search of a "philosophy applied to the challenge of prophecy." If so, he might have written the more useful and more sensible book of which he is so eminently capable. Then he might have avoided such fatuous statements as: "If there is an order that opposes chaos it must be one single order that embraces all being, for otherwise chaos remains." A little less second-hand Teilhard de Chardin and a good deal more hard logic might have helped Mr. Halle sidestep a distressing penchant for the false profundity and the obvious revelation.

Having apparently freed himself from every current ideology, including Marxism, religion and nationalism, Mr. Halle ends his study with an obituary for the nation-state, a creation which he sees as obsolete, unworkable and historically doomed. Indeed, he declares it to be dead already, since the nationalism which upholds it is fading away, and without quite realizing it we are "moving toward a permanent, worldwide organization of man." It is an inspiring vision, but to make it credible Mr. Halle has to sweep away such outposts of nationalism as the United States, the Soviet Union and China – not to mention the nationalism rampant throughout the newly independent states of the Third World. The latter is accomplished by relabeling their xenophobia as anti-colonialism or anti-imperialism – a useful, but not particularly convincing device. Mr. Halle's dream of a world transcending the nation-state is in many ways an appealing one, and he is no doubt correct in stating that "the objective facts of an accelerating technological development are making the concept of the self-sufficient nation-state obsolete everywhere." But, alas, we are not there yet, and Mr. Halle does not show us how we are likely to get there, or even to offer any convincing evidence that the nationalism he finds so obsolete is really on the wane anywhere but in western Europe.

In compensation he offers a good many strictures on "applied philosophy" – all of which are eloquent, but many of which tend to be as meaningless as his assurance that "we may confidently believe that we shall be moving toward some ultimate order beyond our present imagining." One cannot argue with such a statement, but even less can one act upon it. This may not be a serious drawback where it concerns ruminations on evolution, but it is particularly inadequate where it is applied to the practical realm. The statesman, for example, is solemnly advised "to determine in what direction history is moving, and then to steer the state in that direction." All very reasonable, but who knows which way history is moving? Is this not like advising a man to determine in what direction the stock market is moving and then invest his money accordingly? Wise advice, but if we had the answers to such questions we would all be philosopher-kings and millionaires – not fallible statesmen and disappointed investors. Mr. Halle shares the common fate of all of "us men," to quote one of his favorite phrases, who are trying to straddle the two worlds he describes. If he has any answers, they are not revealed in *The Society of Man.*

Notes on Contributors

David Dempsey *is a novelist and freelance writer who has written extensively on publishing and the literary life.*

Reed Whittemore, *formerly poetry consultant at the Library of Congress, is editor of* The Carleton Miscellany.

Stanley Kauffmann's *book* A World on Film *has just been published by Harper & Row. Most of the pieces in it originally appeared in this journal.*

Gerald Jonas *is on the staff of* The New Yorker.

Ronald Steel *is the author of* The End of the Alliance.

Leonard E. Nathan *is on the English faculty of the University of California at Berkeley.*

John Wain's *poem* Wildtrack *has just been published in book form by the* Viking Press.

Victor Lange *is a professor of Germanic languages at Princeton.*

William McPherson *is on the editorial staff of* The Washington Post.

Michael Alderman *is a physician engaged in research.*

Remington Rose *is a member of the English faculty of Windham College.*

Clive Barnes *is dance critic of* The New York Times.

Walter Thabit, *who teaches at Hunter College, is a planning consultant for communities.*

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Mantle of Faulkner?

by John Wain

Mr. Price's new novel is highly elaborate, complex in plot, mannered in style, booming with symbolic overtones; to use an old-fashioned expression, it "smells of the lamp." Literary fashion certainly has come round in a circle. Forty years ago it was the thing for novelists to cut down the narrative element in their work and make the action limited and static, or even nonexistent, while they got on with psychological exploration. Critics used to shake their heads over the disappearance of plot or, worse still, its abandonment to thriller-writers who could only vulgarize it. They need not have worried. Much fine plotting still went on.

A Generous Man
by Reynolds Price
(Atheneum; $4.95)

Hemingway's mastery alone would have kept it alive through the doldrums; and in England there were Graham Greene and Evelyn Waugh, both good constructors of plot. But with Mr. Price we circle back to a conception of plot that would have seemed conventional to Wilkie Collins or Dickens: enormous coincidences, an uncanny resemblance between uncle and nephew, a large sum of money hidden among the rotting boards of a hut in the woods, the unexplained reappearance of a character long assumed to be dead, etc., etc.

Dickens would also have felt at home with the large recurrent symbols. A man who has seduced a woman and left her with their child, hopelessly dependent on such scraps of affection as he tosses to her on his infrequent casual visits, goes to see her for the last time and gives her a snake for a present. She becomes sufficiently attached to the reptile to add other snakes to it and join a traveling fair with her own snake-show. She brings up her lover's child and the snake together: finally, both girl and snake are responsible for a dramatic involvement with the Mustian family, whose acquaintance we made in Mr. Price's first novel, *A Long and Happy Life.*

Here we are in the presence of one of those large symbols like the dust-heaps of *Our Mutual Friend* or the prisons of *Little Dorrit,* though what it symbolizes is less clear. The ramifications of the plot are just as mystifying, especially since the story is told sideways rather than from beginning to end. There are two long flashbacks, each narrated by a woman character; one goes on for seventeen pages and the other for twelve; each reveals crucial plot material at a rapid pace, in the manner of those crude nuggets of exposition that one learns to forgive in Victorian novels. In addition, there are little excursions, loops from the main line of the story, which describe, in detail, characters and events whose relation to the rest of the novel is illustrative and perhaps symbolic. (A broken-down veterinary surgeon who declares a mad dog incurable and thus unwittingly sets the plot in motion: a Negro child guarding an illicit still in the woods.) To find all this in a novel of less than three hundred pages will at any rate confirm us in our impression that Mr. Price is a writer who works hard and expects his reader to work hard also. But what else? What does it add up to?

As the dream of the Great American Novel fades further and further from memory, the literary map of the USA comes to resemble a cozy plot of crazy paving, with everyone sitting comfortably on his own little stone. There must be many people who know more about current American fiction than I do, but nobody seems to be able to tell me of a writer who still tries to capture the American experience in anything like its entirety. Perhaps the time has gone by when it could be captured. John O'Hara's Pennsylvania WASPs just don't have the same American experience as Kerouac's Beats, Philip Roth's big-city Jews or the Catholic fathers of J. F. Powers. Everybody has chosen to "cultivate his garden." The result is that European readers simply cannot settle down to read "an American book" as they might have done in the days of Mark Twain or even of Sinclair Lewis or even of Hemingway.

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In fact the last-named is a good example because, however cosmopolitan his settings, he saw himself as the spokesman for a particularly American set of values; when he asserted that all American fiction came out of one book, *Huckleberry Finn*, Hemingway was standing up to be counted; the statement was his way of placing himself firmly in the tradition of Mark Twain, who, whatever he wrote about, was always understood by the whole world to be speaking for "America." (The extent to which both men cultivated their personal appearance and staged their public personalities is a clue to the roles they felt themselves to be playing. And on the whole it has to be said that they both played their roles creditably, and deserved well of their country.)

This has now entirely disappeared as a novelistic ambition; in fact, the very idea of it has disappeared. The Jewish school of novelists who dominate American fiction at the moment are obviously altogether free of any illusion that they speak for "America." So are the very active Negro novelists. The middle-class world we enter with Cheever, or Updike, or (in a more loaded way) with Salinger, has no national flavor; it is simply part of that vast Western suburban middle class that lives anywhere between the Pacific Coast and the Berlin Wall: wearing the same suits, occupying the same houses, reading the same magazines, watching the same programs on TV, as their counterparts in France or England, Canada or Norway. What these writers explore is a general social situation. Whereas the Great American Novel, in the days when it was projected and dreamed about, was to have explored a situation unique in its geography, its history, its emotional inheritance, as well as its sociology.

Possibly we have now to face the fact that the great American novel, if it is to come, will have to be written in depth and not in breadth: that some writer who accepts his regional boundaries as finally as Proust or Ibsen accepted the limited societies about which they wrote, will nevertheless lay bare the American heart. The reception given to Mr. Price's *A Long and Happy Life* made one think that perhaps this possibility was in sight. Like many others, I rushed to read it. And I must bluntly record a disappointment. Ably done, vivid, as the book is, it confirms me in two beliefs I would willingly not be confirmed in: namely, that the two deadly enemies of the American novel are (1) a too willing acquiescence in the conventions of realism, (2) Creative Writing courses in the universities.

A Long and Happy Life is "Southern" in the sense in which we, the rest of the world, have long since come to understand the term. It deals with simple characters; it describes a rural setting and rather consciously old-fashioned ways. It is also written in a prose that we may call stylized, if we wish to be kind, or affected, if we feel it necessary to be astringent; it has the *faux-naïf* quality that seems to hang round Southern writing. The action is described through the eyes of the adolescent girl Rosacoke Mustian, and the language of the book is a lumpy mixture of Rosacoke's idiom and Mr. Price's. The result is that nothing comes across quite clearly: as with Faulkner, we have to peer at the action through a clouded window of half-dramatization. William Faulkner was a major imaginative writer who deserved his Nobel Prize, but that is not the same thing as being a good influence on other writers, and I felt a vague disquiet at the book's closeness to Faulkner, whose irritating mannerisms are so much more imitable than his moral and imaginative largeness: a disquiet that was intensified when I read that it had been given the Award of the William Faulkner Foundation, whatever that may be.

As to the Creative Writing programs, it is my impression that they do vastly more harm than good, and the syllabus time that is lavished on them ought to be spent on learning something solid. I don't, of course, know whether Mr. Price ever followed one of these courses, and it is irrelevant, because the whole case against them is that they foster a certain kind of approach to fiction-writing which then becomes common among people who have never been near a Creative Writing hothouse, simply because it gets into the air: an approach with too much head in it, too much symbol-sowing, too much of the sort of thing that is calculated to please critics by giving them something to extract and discuss. Creative Writing courses are run by critics (an imaginative writer who gets tempted into them gives up being an imaginative writer until he gets out again and becomes, for that period, a critic), and when a literature is written (consciously or unconsciously) to please critics, to attract their attention and give them some discussion-fodder, that literature is not in a healthy state. *A Long and Happy Life* pivots too easily on its symbolism; the wild deer which the little girls see in the woods, in Rosacoke's reminiscence near the beginning, comes back too patly as the harbinger of her seduction by Wesley Beavers; it seems a conventional sign, like a key-signature in music. Again, the final scene of the book is loaded with a factitious symbolism that is exactly the kind of thing encouraged by Creative Writing professors. And, for that matter, by William Faulkner: not the great Faulkner of the twenties and thirties, but the old gasbag Faulkner of the campus

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years, the Faulkner of *A Fable*. So to open *A Generous Man* and find that it deals with the Mustian family again, at an earlier point in their history, is a disagreeable experience. This sort of "Southern" writing, easily taking over the pretentiousness of Faulkner but rarely able to rival his flashes of genius, is too easy, too predictable. The rural life of the South, twenty or thirty years ago, is tempting to the novelist because of its picturesque qualities. It offers a ready-made source of color and character; in American writing, it occupies exactly the same place as books about Ireland occupy in English writing. The Irishman is rural, fanciful, possessed by strange religious emotions, sometimes driven to outbreaks of violence. So, to the English writer who happens to know the background – or to the Irish writer with his eye on the international market – he is a natural subject. But the more serious writer will keep away from such stereotypes: not from the subject, necessarily, but from the subject in its stereotyped aspects. One doesn't wish to apply the parallel too patly to Mr. Price: but he is a writer of obvious gifts, powers and ambitions; and perhaps it is not too late to remind him that Faulkner's books have already been written, and that, whichever way you look at it, one Yoknapatawpha County is enough.

Polyphony in Letters

by Victor Lange

It would be no exaggeration to say that the correspondence between Gide and Valéry represents an incomparable, perhaps the most important, collection of letters exchanged in the course of recent European literature. It was originally published in France ten years ago, admirably edited, introduced and amply annotated by Robert Mallet, and is now available in a slightly abridged,

Self Portraits: The Gide/Valéry Letters 1890-1942
edited by Robert Mallet
translated by June Guicharnaud
(Chicago: $10)

excellent American translation. These 260 letters are an extraordinary testimonial to the lasting friendship of two of the most influential minds of our time. They offer an inestimable amount of private biographical information, and they illuminate, above all, the condition of the artist in an age that increasingly threatens to dissipate his effectiveness and that compels him either to reflect its intellectual shortcomings or to withdraw into austere and self-denying detachment.

Gide emerges from this long and often passionate dialogue as the protean, volatile, intensely perceptive intelligence which is more and more insistently confronted by Valéry's resolution to be "indifferent to ideas as they come to us, but responsible for the fate we decide for them." The two met in 1890, Gide twenty-one, Valéry nineteen, at once fascinated by the rarefied and melancholy climate of French symbolism and determined to define for one another, in often precious and mannered letters, the scope of their individual capacities and aspirations. From the beginning of their friendship to the end of the correspondence in 1942, their differences in temperament, in philosophical conviction and in their view of the function of literature, are reiterated with an awareness that seems to make that perception the very topic of these letters. For Gide the essential purpose of his work is *sincerity*. Valéry's aim is, from beginning to end, *lucidity*; they meet in a common devotion to religion and poetry in order to establish "a supra-sensible and nearly mystical communion . . . that sweetness of knowing the other's soul to the very depths." But if, in 1892, Gide insists that "one should do nothing in life but write books," Valéry, during the celebrated crisis in Genoa, suspects the vanity of writing and the emptiness of the creative act. The constant search for means of expressing his complex and elusive self, the need for an audience, the sensitivity to criticism, are recurring preoccupations in Gide's let-

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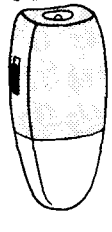

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ters; the very opposite, an uncompromising skepticism towards life, an awareness of the limitation of self, a deliberate preference for the calculated intellectual monologue constitutes the element of Valéry's thinking. His radical distrust of life and its illusory forms bursts forth in a famous letter of August, 1891: "Art is a toy. Science, crude. Esotericism, the most beautiful of lies. This world is as ridiculous as a clock; everything is false; language is as impoverished as a widow; nature is as ugly as if a mediocrity had made it; everything is the desolation of boredom." Gide finds this desperate confession "admirable"; he continues to be moved by Valéry's self-doubt and his determination to remain silent, but his concerns, however generous towards his most uncomfortable friend, remain focused rather on the strategy of literary success and the defense of his own intellectual mobility.

Valéry saw clearly that his severely analytical disposition must prove an increasing strain on their friendship: "Each of us shows the other what we know must frighten him most; you are showing me a kind of paradise, I show you the certainty of hell"; and if in the beginning of the correspondence their mutual admiration was unqualified, Gide was later conscious enough of Valéry's critical superiority: "One must be stupid or arrogant not to feel inferior next to you. . . ." But he patiently bore Valéry's unequivocal criticism of some of his own work, nor did he triumph when it became obvious that *M. Teste*, which Valéry hoped to offer as the prototype of the modern philosophical novel, had to remain an inconclusive fragment.

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In a letter of October, 1899, Valéry explicitly faces the problem of their differences: "Every impulse of each one of us is for the other, a priori, a piece of information about himself, and opposite in meaning." He counters Gide's rejection of the "art of artificial flowers" by insisting on the essence of his own "system": although artificial flowers may not be as beautiful as real ones, "they are clearly superior from the point of view of the doing." To move among ways of thinking, more than among thoughts, is Valéry's defense against the destructive element of life, "calculation comes out ahead, for by its very nature it fortifies each moment."

For half-a-century, the discourse between the two friends continues in a multitude of keys, teasing, gossipy, playful, but more often serious and deeply moved by private sorrow and the anguish of the wars. It is above all increasingly preoccupied with the resources of the creative mind and the role of the artist in a disjointed age. Valéry rejects any recourse to a metaphysical system and speaks again and again of his critical theory of language: "my aim is purely linguistic, representative, and consists in seeking a convenient figure of knowledge, among an infinity of others that are equally possible." He plans a system of "notation," of "conceptions as devices and not as realities." Gide, in his way, asserts the possibility of humane politics, even of an idealistic sort of communism. For a moment, Karl Marx appears to fascinate both; but *Das Kapital* offers Valéry a text of a very special and private sort: Marx's manner "of grasping things is similar to the one I use rather often; I can translate his language into mine. The objective is of no importance, and at bottom it's the same." Ideas, the very object of Gide's exuberant energy, cease as such to interest Valéry. "They bore me," he writes in 1923, "I'm fed up with them; I've never liked anything but the action they imply." If Valéry's poetry, always produced with uncompromising reluctance, renders the "act of perpetual generalization" as precisely and as objectively as possible, the meaning of this performance is, in many of the letters, itself ultimately put in question. Can even the degree of poetic abstraction that he attempted in the distillation of *Cimitière Marin*, maintain the truth and permanence of form against the overwhelming and fashionable claims of subjectivity?

Valéry's answer to the question, "What becomes of literature?" is at once resolute, unsentimental and forbidding: "I am watching the cessation of what we call literature. It becomes a problem, an application, but not an objective, and not a fundamental point." Art, he argues against Gide, is destined either to disappear or to become unrecognizable, it "is in the process of not escaping from experiments and exact analysis."

With ever increasing despair, Valéry poses the question of the very possibility of art in an age that vacillates between subjectivity and determinism. His role as the most distinguished of European men of letters he plays not with the restless greed for the experience of ambiguity that always propelled Gide, but with a deliberate demonstration of detachment. "Who will ever gauge," he reflects with Nietzschean irony in 1922, "that extraordinary mixture of the fear of not being understood and the terror of being understood?" His manner, even in these closely personal letters, becomes magisterial and remote: "Things and other people have set up a coral ring between *Myself* and *myself*. I am an atoll." In retrospect he reasserts his "mania for precision" and his will to think by means of his own definition, to interpose, even between himself and his life-long friend, the mask of form. In Gide he recognizes the characteristic representative of the contemporary dilemma: "I want to talk to you, but I see at once the hand of the writer, the page of your *journal*, and the *nrf* with a pink wrapper." With enormous willpower he maintains his contempt for the "dissipation, stupefaction, softening and insensitism brought to bear on modern man by the life he must lead, by the university, the newspapers, the fashions, the sham, the extremists, the opportunists, the various clergy, . . . and . . . by all those who make one believe, or by those who do believe."

But even so categorical a stand in

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favor of the self-denying life of reason and form was for Valéry never an act of pride or defiance. "To my friends," he writes to Gide, "I owe almost everything I am. They believed in me, who didn't believe in myself." It is the enduring force of an intelligent and compassionate friendship that gives to this correspondence its remarkable beauty; "friends," Valéry writes to his "Old André" in 1925, "are those two men who *saved* from chance and accident an occurence that was commonplace and that would very likely have fallen, such as it was, into the statistics of the molecular shocks of mankind."

More Musil

by William McPherson

To confront Robert Musil is to confront genius, and that is always rather disturbing. He is vast, dense and Germanic; a genius out of Goethe and Dostoevsky, Freud, Nietzsche and the dark declivities of Central Europe by way of Krafft-Ebing. Such a stew cannot help impress, but it is not necessarily fun to devour.

For one thing, his immense novel, *The Man Without Qualities*, while unfinished at his death in 1942, is still one of the longest in literature. This great behemoth of a book began to appear in Germany in 1930, and in England and America in 1953. Three volumes have been translated thus far, with a fourth yet to come. Its size alone goes far toward explaining why Musil is the least read of the century's great novelists. ("My readers have gradually come to me, not I to them," Musil once wrote.) Then, too, for a work that probes the very frontiers of fiction, it possesses a curiously old-fashioned quality: the narrative is frequently interrupted for essays on logic, morals, business, the soul, whatever. Its scope is nothing less than the nature and quality of life, hardly something to skim over of an idle evening or two. This is Serious Literature in that ponderous, upper-case, Germanic way; and however tiresome and exasperating it may sometimes be, it demands serious scrutiny, only grudgingly given these days when people prefer their fiction short and pithy.

Five Women
by Robert Musil
translated by Eithne Wilkins and Ernst Kaiser
preface by Frank Kermode
(Delacorte; $5.00)

The same scrutiny is demanded of his short and only other novel, the brilliant *Young Törless* (published in Germany in 1906 and in England and America fifty years later), and of the stories published now as *Five Women*. The difference lies in these works' economy of scale; what is ponderous has been winnowed out.

Intensely sensual and thick with eroticism, each of the five stories delves the mysterious realm of love and sex, explores from within the tensions between the mind and the gonads, and attempts to convey with words those borderline experiences that are essentially ineffable: "the insufferable interval, the chasm between the impact of one action and the next, the chasm between two sounds, where one drops away from the sense of one's identity, plunging into the silence between two words. . . ."

Musil takes up his characters at a time when their wires cross, or are about to go down, in their hook-ups with the world outside themselves, just this side of that state in which Claudine, in "The Perfecting of a Love," sees that "every feeling exists only in the long chain of other feelings, each supporting the next; and all that matters is that one instant of life should link up with the next without any lacuna. . . ." In short, he deals with men and women on the edge of the abyss, or beyond it. It is a terrifying condition, fraught with the possibility of ruin.

In "Grigia," the first of the stories in this book, a man sends his wife and ailing son to a spa and himself heads for a mysterious Italian valley where nightingales sing in daylight and ame-

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thysts grow like flowers in the field, to join a mining operation in search of gold. There he meets Grigia, a peasant woman whom he names for her cow, and has an affair with her that brings him in some strange, mystical way closer in spirit to his wife as it brings him to his death in a magical land.

"The Lady From Portugal" is the not otherwise named wife of Herr von Ketten, a feudal lord whose function in life, once he has married a rich and beautiful bride, is to carry on war with the Bishops of Trent. Suddenly, a dozen years after his marriage, von Ketten is victorious. "So there was an end to what . . . had become like the wall of a room, a wall one sees facing one each morning at breakfast and does not really see at all. All at once this wall was not there." Riding home to his castle, he is stung by a fly, sickens, but overcomes death during a trial by ordeal shortly after the demise of a strangely human cat. "'If God can become a man, then He can also become a kitten', the lady from Portugal said."

"Tonka," published with the previous two stories in the 1924 volume *Three Women*, is the tale of a middle-class student who takes a servant girl as his mistress. But Musil's treatment of this commonplace union is hardly conventional. As in "Grigia," the hero, here nameless, begins his affair at a particularly vulnerable time of life. His chosen partner is inarticulate, opaque. She "did not talk the ordinary language that other people used, but some language of the totality of things." Remembering this affair from a span of years, he sees her as "a snowflake falling all alone in the midst of a summer's day. Is it real or imaginary? Is it good, or evil, or indifferent? One senses the fact that here the categories have reached a frontier beyond which they cease to be valid." Tonka is "pure and unspoilt, like Nature herself." But, "if she had been trained to think, like her companion . . . Tonka would have realized that Nature consists of nothing but ugly little things that one hardly notices and which live as sadly far apart from each other as the stars in the night-sky." Eventually, at a time when her lover is away, Tonka becomes pregnant, contracting a venereal disease at the same time. She wanes, and as she wanes, her lover, who can neither believe nor entirely disbelieve in her, waxes. Tonka dies and he lives, the better for the "small warm shadow that had fallen across his brilliant life."

The final two stories of *Five Women* – "The Perfecting of a Love" and "The Temptation of Quiet Veronica" – were published as *Unions* in 1911. The first concerns a woman's headlong rush toward the fulfillment of her love for her husband in an animal encounter with a stranger. The second and by all odds the strangest story in this often bizarre collection is a study of a woman convulsed by physical lust and mystical love, and sinking into madness.

Robert Musil is often likened to James Joyce on the basis of the encyclopedic scope of his work and the obvious parallel in his development from the short novel of adolescence to short stories and plays (Musil's two plays are not yet available in English), to the great novels that changed – some say ended – the course of the novel itself. Rather less superficially, it can be said that there is nothing casual about *Five Women*, just as there is nothing casual about *Dubliners*. Every word counts.

Musil's beautifully written stories ultimately resist reduction. Their true concern is erotic love itself, not its object, which is often an obstacle to the fulfillment of the fervently pursued union of the one with the other, an impossible union of self with its other half. No more dichotomies, he seems to cry, and yet the mind must continue to make them. And love, well, love always withholds a residue. There is "something . . . always ready to turn away and leave." Or there is death.

From *Five Women* alone it is easy to see why Musil, whom his translators describe as "that great engine of a mind," is so extravagantly admired. "Under the enormous glass bell of the sky," he sees reality – Emerson's apothegmatic reality with its sliding floor. In those intervals that so concern him, he hears the silence of infinity. And he tries to overarch the gap, which may explain why his great novel in the end remained unfinished.

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Arnold L. Horelick, Senior Research Staff Member at the RAND Corporation, attracted front-page attention with his analysis of the Cuban missile crisis. Previously he was a political affairs analyst for the U.S. Government. Myron Rush, author of *The Rise of Khrushchev* and *Political Succession in the USSR*, was a Senior Research Staff Member at RAND before he became Professor of Government at Cornell.

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A Shot in the Arm

by Michael Alderman

In 1955, Jonas Salk demonstrated that paralytic polio could be safely prevented. During the next five years, 100 million Americans were injected with the Salk vaccine.

Richard Carter's book is about Salk's successful quest for a polio vaccine, its subsequent application, and the passions that surrounded those events. The book is not only good, but is important as well. It would have been fascinating had it merely recounted the vivid series of scientific diatribes to which Salk was a party. It would have been instructive had it only removed a complex biological discovery from the maze of technical jargon and translated it into understandable language. It would have been engaging had it been restricted to a recital of personal triumphs and tragedies. But it is important because, in addition to all of that, it illuminates that critical junction where science and society meet.

Breakthrough:
The Saga of Jonas Salk
by Richard Carter
(Trident; $5.95)

The scientific ethic supposes that scientists should observe and define nature in a kind of solitary confinement. The secrets they uncover in this pristine atmosphere should then become public property. Society alone is to decide whether, when, or how to employ these treasures that were discovered for their own sakes. Meanwhile, the scientist is to maintain a respectful distance from the public decision-making process.

Possibly this scientific ethic has always been more myth than reality. Maybe the scientist has never really been wholly separated from the world of action. There is, of course, that story of Gallileo and his run-in with the Church. But that affair really had very little immediate impact on society, and no irrevocable decisions were taken then by either science or society. Scientific investigation was largely an abstraction and could often be undertaken in virtual isolation. The issues today are vastly different and seem to demand a much closer interaction of scientist and society.

The experience of Michael Faraday, in the last century, is perhaps an example which, for whatever reasons, illustrates the kind of separation from social action that society used to enjoy. Working in his basement, alone, Faraday, in 1831, converted electric energy into light. But it was not until 1882 that New York City built the first commercial generator, thus signaling society's determination to wholesale Faraday's discovery. During the 50 years that separated observation from application, other investigators, fully aware of the initial experiment, had the opportunity, unhurried, to test and validate it. And all of that research could be carried out without imposing on man's environment.

The history of Jonas Salk and his vaccine poses a dramatic contrast to those halcyon days gone by. In 1934, the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, boasting the most illustrious guiding spirit in America, was formed with the self-consciously predetermined goal of solving a specific scientific problem. An army of energetic volunteers was enlisted, millions of dollars were raised, and then a substantial portion of that public treasure was distributed to a select cadre of eminent scientists who were willing to pursue the predetermined goal.

Jonas Salk was a confident and gifted investigator whose work had been supported by the March of Dimes for the twelve years before he produced a workable vaccine. He didn't work in his basement, and he didn't always grant his colleagues full access to his findings. Neither, of course, did they. At any rate, there followed, that very year, elegantly designed field trials that involved almost two million human volunteers. Within a year, Salk's breakthrough went public amidst all the fanfare befitting the occasion, and the day – April 12, 1955, the tenth anniversary of Franklin Roosevelt's death. Overnight, every mother in America wanted the vaccine for her child. Albeit haltingly, that demand was largely met, and, by 1960, polio had ceased to be an American public health hazard.

Unfortunately, there was an aspect of this tale of triumph other than the neat, orderly outline. Even the mid-20th-Century American must have been more than a little taken aback by the spectacle internecine scientific warfare that broke out at once. Eminent investigators, the US Public Health Service (USPHS), the American Medical Association, the Congress, and assorted lay publicists rushed headlong into a technical battle that became front-page news. It was a sorry display for all concerned. A tearful President pinned a medal on the brash young Salk to the applause of an immodestly adoring public, while some of Salk's colleagues began public counterattacks. Some drug companies said that they had a hand in Salk's work and now had the product, while the USPHS was caught in the embarrassing position of withdrawing the material as unsafe, only to restore their seal of approval several weeks later. It soon became clear that Salk was more than a describer and definer of nature. He, like many other scientists, was a vigorous advocate of a particular school of scientific thought about polio vaccine. In fact, he was a public advocate, and one who did not shrink from seeking alliances with the general public to advance his scientific goals.

Salk turned out to be largely correct. But in the process, many of those scientists involved suffered grievously, not a few innocent bystanders were scarred, and the image of the scientific estate was tarnished.

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Michael Faraday and the 19th Century. But it should be. Everything has changed since then. Science is no longer a glorious entertainment, but has become the stuff on which national security and the general welfare rests. Its undertakings have become of immediate practical public concern.

Scientists, like everyone else, live in a world of rapidly accelerating action and change. Often decisions of considerable social import, which are based on scientific information, are made before science has obtained all the facts. To help society make those decisions, scientists are called upon to interpret as well as state their findings. They are prone to use words like "negligible danger." The public has to base action on such language. And sometimes risk contamination of the environment on a global scale in the process. Yet as long as we want maximum immediate exploitation of the scientific enterprise, we can have it no other way.

How to square the public interest with the maintenance of scientific integrity is the modern dilemma. This does not require that the scientist eschew public discussion. Nor does it mean that the layman should have no voice in the direction of science. But it does demand that scientific fact be clearly distinguished from social policy, and that we recognize that scientists can speak ex cathedra only in the area of scientific fact. This is no easy matter under the best of circumstances, but secrecy makes it impossible.

We are in Mr. Carter's debt for having described what happens when the interplay between science and society becomes hopelessly blurred.

At Home with Oedipa Maas

by Remington Rose

Mr. Pynchon's first novel, *V.*, was published in 1963. No one who has read it could mistake the author of *The Crying of Lot 49*. *V.* is an elaborately organized presentation of searches for, and of, figures in some way involved in an antisocial conspiracy. Much of the action is spastic and bizarre, the language is an original blend of erudition and slang, the characters are vividly mournful, their relationships inevitably awry. And all this is true of Pynchon's second novel.

The Crying of Lot 49
by Thomas Pynchon
(Lippincott; $3.95)

One result of this is to give this book a spurious interestingness, like a riddle or a trompe l'oeil painting by a craftsman of a certain capability. One begins to brood on the puns, to underline images and note analogous situations, and to draw patterns on the endpapers. I suppose one in some sense attends even to Shakespeare in this way, certainly to Joyce. But the difference is that their patterns become not only more complex, but larger; there is an opening out, a freeing of awareness thanks to the shaping of the work of art. But in *Crying* the circles become progressively smaller, and refuse to respond to the reader's (or the novelist's) efforts to inflate them other than by going limp with a modest hiss.

V. is a long book, geographically and temporally wide-ranging, with a huge cast and a profusion of activity. *Crying* is a short book, about the brief, distressing odyssey of one character up and down one section of a California freeway. Unfortunately the effect is not one of condensation, but of crampedness. It is as if *Crying* had been an early sketch of both the theme and the style of the larger novel, and has remained skimpy, cryptic, and superficial.

Oedipa Maas, the heroine, has been appointed co-executor of a former lover's will. While investigating his holdings, she finds evidence of a vast system of mail delivery which unites the discontented and disinherited in their separation from the institutions of society. In various ways the men she encounters are aware of communication beyond the surface noises of life – Muzak, telephones, air-conditioners, factory machines, and so forth. Is she

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hallucinating? Is there "another mode of meaning behind the obvious, or none"? At the end of the book she is near a possible answer, sitting with others in a locked room at the auction of her lover's belongings, awaiting "the crying of Lot 49." (That this should be the meaning of the title is such a letdown I feel a duty to reveal it here.)

The idea is rich and intriguing, and it is several times dramatized ingeniously. As she is led more and more into the company of the isolated, Oedipa feels herself increasingly alone and helpless. Everyone is plugged in somewhere else; in a queer bar, at a deaf-mutes' dance, she is disabled by her "normalcy" from making any connection. But these incidents are only briefly sketched before their "significance" is asserted in passages which begin like, "As things developed, she was to have all manner of revelations," and end like, "She had dedicated herself, weeks ago, to making sense of what Inverarity had left behind, never suspecting that the legacy was America."

Not only had I not suspected it either, I don't believe it now. Unless Oedipa and I together share experiences of such substance that they themselves suggest they are in a larger sense "representative," this kind of manufactured "revelation" is offensive. It is as if Pynchon distrusted either the medium or the reader, or both; as if he hadn't the interest or the patience to do his job properly. That such rudeness should have followed *V.* is especially disturbing; the author of that book clearly enjoyed what he was doing and assumed the reader was up to it. *Crying* is a step backward to the art of the emblem books, a patchy collection of images propped up by claims of significance in terms which the artist hasn't proved his right to use.

Satire, pathos, dream visions, pawky humor, some crisp writing and occasional marvelous synopses – of a movie, a play, the history of the sinister mail system – an astonishing number of mental, sexual, musical, and political deviates: all these and too much more are listed. But nothing is really done, nothing is worked through; there has been too little effort to make a novel out of them. I am not especially interested in prescribing what something must be in order to be a novel. But I am concerned to keep the word as a useful description of one kind of art-work as opposed to another. In the same spirit, I would call *The Crying of Lot 49* a well-executed, mildly nasty, pretentious collage. And if you want to read one of them, go ahead.

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A Critic's Critic

by Clive Barnes

Dancing has found itself remarkably few verbally articulate sponsors. To be sure it has had its fans, some of whom, such as Théophile Gautier, have weaved a few magic webs of words around their current favorite. Then again there have been the philosophers, like Mallarmé and Paul Valéry, who have weighed the aesthetics and possibilities with imaginative care, and

Dancers, Buildings and People in the Streets
by Edwin Denby
(Horizon Press; $5.95)

the practical arbiters, pragmatic idealists attempting to rationalize dance aesthetics, as well as matters more technical, from out of their own dance experience. Yet what dance has lacked has been its distinguished journeyman-journalist critics, its Hazlitts, and its Bernard Shaws.

The standard of dance criticism in the English-speaking world is low generally, and lower in the United States than in Britain. The reasons for this are perhaps three. First, the failure of the art to attract people of sufficient sensibility and intellectual capacity to form the raw material for critics. Second, the failure of most newspapers in the United States, but not in England, to encourage such potential critics as do exist. And finally the intrinsic difficulties of the job itself, the time and labor it takes to acquire sufficient knowledge to provide an informed rather than merely intelligently sensitive opinion. The wonder then is that we have Edwin Denby.

Denby is a minor, yet distinctive, poet of grace and vigor, and this in a very real sense is his profession. It seems he has always been interested in dance. After studying both at Harvard and the University of Vienna, at the com-

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paratively late age of 22 he started to study classical ballet in Austria, and four years later he was a dancer and choreographer at the State Theatre in Darmstadt, perhaps the first of all the American dancer/choreographers who have, in recent years at least, given so much to the emergent German ballet. In 1935 he returned to New York, and collaborated on the text of the Orson Welles version of Labiche's *Horse Eats Horse*. Significantly, he also played the part of the horse. Equally significantly, for your true critic is a diffident beast, the part was the rear. In 1936 he started dance criticism for *Modern Music*, and the rest is history – and remarkably spasmodic history at that.

No one (which is to mean no one interested) in Britain would deny that Denby is the major dance critic of our time, but his reputation in his own country is perhaps more limited. Chiefly this is because he has never been promiscuous with his favors, and although he once wrote, nightly and with great brilliance, for *The New York Herald Tribune*, for the past 20 years his work has been limited to a few, highly polished magazine articles. Such selectivity is not the way critical pens become notorious, and Denby has jealously kept himself to himself. Now it seems that everything he writes is a distillation of millions of words, that every comment is a gem, mined and polished as a labor of pure love.

He has produced two books, both of which have set the dance world on fire. The first was *Looking at the Dance*, published in 1949. In both New York and London it exerted a profound influence. Indeed in London it became the holy writ of a whole group of baby-critics, and now today Denby stands, together with the 1950 and 1952 visits to London of the New York City Ballet, as one of the crucial stimuli to all that now seems significant in British dance criticism. In America his influence has been less evident, yet no less profound. Almost all of the best practitioners of dance criticism in the United States would admit Denby as their master.

Now, after 17 years, Denby has given us *Dancers, Buildings and People in the Streets*. It is even better than his first; indeed it is probably (and only the innate caution of the all too professional critic inserts the adverb) the best book of dance criticism ever written. It is a book to be read by people who couldn't care less about dance but recognize great critical writing. For people who have a special sympathy for dance it will enlarge that sympathy, will awaken feelings and thoughts that have always been, way back there, your own, yet never so perfectly expressed.

Denby's virtues as a dance critic are usually described as poetic. Yet he seems to be as factual, almost as matter-of-fact, as a first-rate sports commentator. In this way his criticism not only gives the feeling that the man has understood more but also that he has actually contrived to see more.

Denby loves movement like a gambler loves cards. Here he is talking about foreign dancers, and relating the various national classic dance styles to certain ethnic characteristics:

> "In Copenhagen the crowd has an easy stride, strong in the waist, light on the feet, with a hint of a sailor's roll. As they pass they look at one another briefly and trustingly without moving the face. They enjoy walking. In Paris they hate to walk. Each individual is going in a different direction, at a different speed. And they hate it, but they refuse to bump. They carry their bodies with a respect like a large parcel of dishes: sort of low. . . . All over Italy half the population is constantly walking up and down hills carrying babies or parcels of food, a steady movement like breathing. The other half is in the streets, the men leaning or relaxed in harmonious assurance, or lounging; the girls pass by just a little quickly, with an easy delicacy . . ."

Ever since I read this passage, rush-hour, mass-traduced Parisians have always reminded me of lower-grade waiters, while lower-grade waiters now irresistibly recall Paris. Denby is that kind of critic.

Of course Denby would certainly see himself in that classical American critical attitude, almost unknown in Europe, of reporting, telling everybody at home just what happened out there. But Denby reports like a poet; he selects, he emphasizes, he embroiders. Listen to him on a male solo in Balanchine's ballet *Agon*:

> "Then the boy, left alone, begins to walk a 'Sarabande', elaborately coiled and circumspect. It recalls court dance as much as a cubist still life recalls a pipe or guitar. The boy's timing looks like that of a New York Latin in a leather jacket. And the cool life of his wrong-way-round steps and rhythms gives the nonsense so apt a turn people begin to giggle."

That's it. First the facts: a Sarabande, coiled, circumspect. Now a suggestion:

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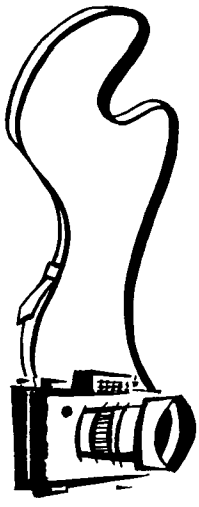

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a stylized court dance. Added fact: Latin-style, flip timing. Final observation: nonsense so apt that audiences giggle in nervous recognition. What happened? What did it mean? How did it feel? These are the questions that Denby seems to ask and answer throughout the long and hidden dialogue of his criticism. To help him he has eyes, ears and a nose better than most of us, and an enormous wind-swept talent for the shiveringly accurate phrase that reverberates in the mind.

And has our hero then no faults? He has one, and it is not that minor. He either lacks, or perhaps forswears, analytic penetration. At places one would prefer the more surgically direct approach of John Martin (this century's only dance critic who might be regarded as Denby's peer) who, at his best, had a more cutting insight into the works under their surveillance. The very oblique, almost ambiguous nature of Denby's comments can find failure in the very reverse end of its own success. Yet there is no shame, only inevitability in this, for Denby is clearly a writer who thinks with his heart and feels with his mind. For in all his criticism what Denby offers is hot passion cooled down into limpid prose, so that the strength of feeling struggles beneath the expression, like a giant cat caught in a satin curtain.

Why, then, has Denby become the patron saint of dance critics? Simple. He has shown that one can write on dance with the easy tension and cultivated tone that people write on the other arts. He never talks down. He knows the value of dance like a carpenter knows the value of wood.

The Cities of Charles Abrams

by Walter Thabit

A city, says Abrams, "even an American city, is the pulsating product of human hand and mind, reflecting man's history, his struggle for freedom, his creativity, his genius – and his selfishness and errors." Hardly a quote to start a review of the nation's urban renewal program? Perhaps, but this is hardly the average book. The cities of Charles Abrams are like no other cities; his evaluation of urban renewal is a world apart from other efforts.

The City Is The Frontier
by Charles Abrams
(Harper & Row; $6.50)

What to others might be central themes are merely starting points for the Abrams treatise. Almost before the book has begun, he is reciting the myths and fallacies on which our current housing and renewal efforts are based. For perhaps the hundredth time, he exposes the idiocy of clearing slums during a housing shortage, a plea for housing sanity he has made since 1945 with little discernible effect. In half-a-dozen ways, he blasts the notion that the poor deserve only poorer quality housing or that their housing problems are of minor importance. Few other problems, avers Abrams, "have more serious impacts on the economic well-being of cities and the social well-being of their citizens."

His proof for this remarkable statement (other experts are wary of relating slums to disease or delinquency much less the economic well-being of cities) starts with an examination of the split between central city and suburb. He scores federal housing policies which have been aiding middle-income whites to own homes in the suburbs while restricting the poor to public housing in the cities. Between 1935 and 1950, during which 11 million homes were built, the FHA encouraged racial covenants in its suburban developments. "Stables and pigpens," writes the inimitable Abrams, "were put by FHA into the same category as a section occupied by the 'wrong race'." Mass Negro immigration to the cities has accentuated the split, accelerating the movement of whites to the suburbs, making the suburbs race conscious, sparking deep divisions between suburban and central city policies. Abrams finds this growing split is preventing sufficient state and federal

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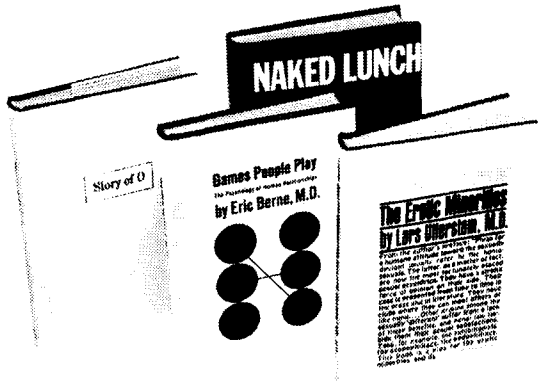

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help from reaching the cities. "With the federal welfare power held in check by the states and the states' welfare power held in check by rural and suburban governments," says Abrams, "what is known as general welfare has ceased to be general." He is distressed by the fact that metropolitan areas, now no longer unified political entities as cities used to be, give the white middle-class majority an opportunity to neglect the poor minority.

Desperate for new sources of income, Abrams tells us, the cities have been forced to accept the lower ethics of private enterprise in their attempts to stay solvent. As with the speculative builder and renewal sponsor, they look for the deal, the parlay, the "blight that's right." They put "profit before honor," ignore the mass evictions and higher rents imposed on low-income families displaced by the program. With speculative passion, they "jack up the price [of land], force the builder to pierce the vertical frontier and flood the market with unrentable units." In effect, cities have joined the ranks of renewal sponsors, the "small-fry parlayers of profits, petty newcomers or speculators looking for a chisel wherever it could carve out a fast buck." With the help of federal housing and renewal legislation and tax-exempt revenue bonds, cities are joining with private enterprise in an expanding series of activities designed to feather both their nests. The poor continue to be the pawns in the game.

Here is no narrow professional expertise at work. This is the distillation of a man who has lived most of the roles, knows all the angles, suffered all the frustrations, enjoyed the satisfactions of creativity and genius – and perhaps the regrets of human error. More to the point, Abrams submits all this to the reader with ingenuous candor. Concentrating with meticulous care on his personal experience over the past thirty years, he makes sure to bring the reader his own, unadulterated, views. The result is a discussion which focuses with blinding accuracy on the basic targets.

If there is to be equal opportunity in housing throughout metropolitan areas, if the housing needs of the poor are to be realistically met, direct federal action and massive federal aid will be required. Abrams calls on the federal government to deal directly with cities and regions, without the consent of the states or their political creatures. If necessary, he wants the federal government to directly undertake the construction of housing for the poor in the suburbs. Nor is housing enough. He demands a program that will permit cities to give the poor a good education, decent jobs and attractive neighborhood environments as well. Details, including the needed modifications in old programs, ideas only now gaining currency and some none of us have heard of before, are all there in Abrams' book.

His program transforms the issue of federal aid to cities from a dimly felt need to a burning and immediate crisis. It should also inspire tenants organizations, civil rights groups and other low-income housing proponents to establish new national organizations capable of exerting strong and continuous pressures on the White House and on Congress. With such pressures, the higher ethic may be forced into play; the white middle-class majority may respond more readily in Washington than it does in suburbia.

Abrams outlines his "Blueprint for American Cities," the central focus of which is the enhancement of the city's more lively and useful features. Aesthetics, trees, "centers" for people, "clusters" for diversion, shopping, tourism and leisure, room for courtship and love, and the improvement of the environment for children are among the topics covered.

His major annoyance is the way officials discourage activities which serve to enliven cities. They tax restaurants

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and night clubs out of existence, permit baseball and drinking on Sunday but not bookstore browsing, strangle little-theatre movements by oppressive building codes and aggressive police action, and even barred Shakespeare from Central Park as "an intrusion on greenery." "Imagination," he remarks ruefully, "has never been an official virtue."

Financial difficulties and unimaginative officials are not the only impediments to improving our cities, nor should the impression be left that cities are doing what they can for the poor. Racial tensions are if anything more explosive in the cities, the prejudices against Negroes and other poor even more extreme. There isn't a big city in the nation that couldn't spare ten to a hundred times more than it is now spending on decently housing the poor. In Negro and poor areas, municipal housekeeping is distinctly lower grade, welfare and health services only grudgingly given, education often mischievously withheld, the police encouraged to be aggressive.

Knowing all this only makes Abrams' contribution the more remarkable. It suggests an ultimate faith in people and in cities, a faith that may not be misplaced in the long run. If federal leadership and direct federal action is brought in on the side of the poor, the meanness and self-seeking that characterizes much of city life may be dissipated. Then we might develop the good city life envisioned by Charles Abrams and the rest of us.

Correspondence

"A Man Without Whom . . ."

Sirs:

In his report on the ADA Convention (May 7), Andrew Kopkind referred to me as offering "some kind words about David Dubinsky"—'a man without whom . . .' "

Permit me to finish Mr. Kopkind's sentence for him. I said that Mr. Dubinsky is a man without whom ADA could not have survived during the McCarthy era when its resources were badly depleted by the flight of timid souls. I said Dubinsky is a man without whose continuing support *The New Leader* magazine would not have survived. I said Dubinsky is a man without whom the efforts to free Junius Scales might have failed. I said Dubinsky is a man without whom many other institutions and individuals dedicated to justice and a better break for the oppressed might have faltered.

I took pains to point out that many of Dubinsky's most meaningful gestures have occurred despite his disagreement with specific policies of those in trouble who sought his help.

Amid some of the self-righteous intolerance of the contemporary "new left," I commend the example of Mr. Dubinsky's faithfulness to certain enduring traditions of social protest. I did not suggest that he is a saint. I do suggest that Mr. Kopkind reread the editorial published in *The New Republic* on the occasion of Dubinsky's retirement.

James Wechsler
New York City

Simian Semblances

Sirs:

In your issue of October 23, 1965, you picked up part of a quotation from me. I was making an analogy between university students, university faculty members and certain kinds of non-human primates. As you recall I said that undergraduates reminded me of lemurs and my faculty colleagues of baboons. That is one reason I so enjoy studying lemurs and baboons. But you left out one of the more interesting parts of the analogy – I said that university presidents are like gorillas. Gorillas are great, handsome, gentle creatures who crash through the jungles, the rainforests of Africa, occasionally beating their chests and thundering forth magnificent and complex vocalizations. But they are a side issue in primate evolution and have had little or no influence upon the evolution of primates.

You might be interested to know that I have heard from friends and old acquaintances as far away as Munich, Hong Kong, Tokyo, and Calcutta, either sending me the clipping from your magazine or telling me they had seen it in *The New Republic*. I was amazed at your distribution.

John Buettner-Janusch
Associate Professor
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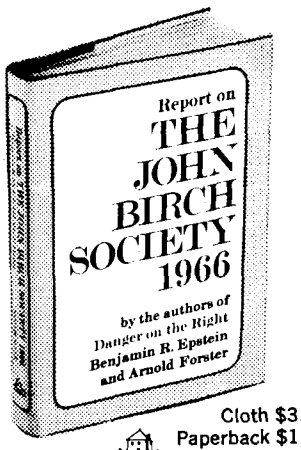

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—When Robert Kennedy was told that Norman Mailer best understands him, Kennedy replied, "Mailer sees the part of me that is still a juvenile delinquent." . . . Jules Feiffer says that the men in his cartoon strips reflect Presidential administrations. "During Ike's time they were ineffectual. During JFK's they were make-out artists. During LBJ's they lie more." . . . Bob Dylan's mother recently sent him a postcard: "How many letters must a mother send before she gets an answer?" . . . Dan Greenburg denies that his new book, "How to be Miserable," was originally titled "Son of Jewish Mother."

Here's the tentative line-up for the film version of Truman Capote's "In Cold Blood": Paul Newman as Richard Eugene Hickock; Steve McQueen as Perry Smith; Henry Fonda as Herbert W. Clutter; Lee Marvin as Al Dewey, the detective. **Capote, quoted in Life Magazine, January 1:** "I taught myself to be my own tape recorder . . . Finally, when I got to about 97 percent accurate, I felt ready to take on this book." **Capote, quoted in The New York Times, January 16:** ". . . within 95 percent of absolute accuracy, which is as close as you need." **Capote, quoted in Newsweek, January 24:** "Now I can remember 90 percent, and who cares about the other 10 percent?"

—The F.B.I. report of Dec. 9, 1963, on JFK's assassination has just been declassified. It is not consistent with the Warren Commission Report on what happened to the bullets fired at the President. . . . Norman Podhoretz: "Book reviewing has become the prerogative of the young on the make" . . . Adolph Eichmann, as quoted in Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.'s "Mother Night": "Is it absolutely necessary to have a literary agent?" . . . See several *avant garde* plays in a Greenwich Village church and you'll agree that not only God is dead, she is turning over in her grave . . . Several letters received by Ralph Ginzburg, the Eros publisher, suggested that "Chrysler is open to conviction. I see where they are advertising a photo of a girl, close up, in which she promise to have . . . with the man who drives a Chrysler: 'Don, I might . . . if you drove a Chrysler'." . . . Timothy Leary: "I'm in trouble because I know too much."

—The New York Times twice reviewed on its daily book page John Moore's "The Waters Under the Earth." Last year Orville Prescott called it "the finest novel I have read in five years." Last month Nancy K. MacKenzie called it "no different from hundreds of other forgettable Victorian novels of English country life." . . . A major book publisher turned down Ralph Nader's "Unsafe at any Speed" because its appeal "was limited to auto insurance salesmen."

Just added to the White House library: "Misery," Suzanne Heller's best seller . . . A new book probing our environment, i.e., what's happening, baby, has been written by Marshall McLuhan and Quentin Fiore for fast-publishing and distribution this summer by Bantam Books, 271 Madison Ave., NYC . . . Julie Christie bites her nails . . . Sir Laurence Olivier says he's been most influenced by Robert Ardrey's "African Genesis." . . . A publisher of demonology may establish Dybbuk of the Month Club.

You can be sure that the Harper's magazine reviewer of Peter Matthiessen's new novel isn't at play in the fields of the lord. After Harper's had received many complaints, the reviewer confessed that he had not read the complete book . . . Peanuts' creator, Charles Schulz, writes: "I used to wonder why Jesus did not deal more humorously with situations. Now I think perhaps he did. It isn't possible for a humorless person to be so attractive to people. Jesus was invited to meals by outsiders—he must have been fun to be around, interesting. . . ."

—Tom Wolfe: "The New York literary community can be written off. It's only interested in power and violence. They're all trying to relive Hemingway." . . . Michael Davie of the London Observer: "President Johnson comes into a room slowly and warily, as if he means to smell out the allegiance of everyone in it . . . There is a faint air of a mobster . . . He is one of the most fascinating human beings ever to become President of the United States."

—Hugh J. Schonfield, the British scholar and author of "The Passover Plot," visits the U.S. this summer to discuss his theory that a drugged Christ planned to be rescued. . . . Jonathan Winters once suggested that maybe the best thing to do is to go to the church of your choice and wait . . . When she was Funny Girl, Barbra Streisand wore a microphone in her cleavage. The batteries were taped to her—well, to her Fanny Brice . . . Many women visit the publishing office of Stein & Day and look through a copy of "Advice from a Failure" for the part that tells how not to give bits and pieces of yourself away. . . . Allen Ginsberg says, "When Andy Warhol looks at a Camp-bell's Soup can, he is preoccupied with God." . . . Buckminster Fuller: "Banks urge 30-year mortgages, yet most people, according to the latest census, move within four years. In two more national elections, not enough citizens will have residence qualifications. Students want world peace, but their politicians can't help. The politician is biased. He looks out for only his side, not for

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By JEROME AGEL
Editor-Publisher

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